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LETTERS

Walden

Ann Arbor, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: I am in sympathy with the conclusions of Al Martinez ("Houses on Wheels: Clogging the Open Road"; *The Nation*, Aug. 21), but I cannot agree that the *issue* is whether or not such means of conveyance endangers the ecological balance. The issue is . . . whether or not traveling has any true value for the individual who enters what is left of the "unspoiled wilderness.". . .

I have traveled by every conveyance, and afoot, for forty years and see no difference between methods, but I see everywhere good, honest citizens who are persuaded that "travel's the thing," that mileage, not some inner moment of absolution, is the goal to be won. . . .

Nature is the face of our own spiritual self looking back at us. There are few influences in the modern world to remind us of our origins and we cannot afford to misuse this one. Let us do what we can to revive the ancient gods of forest and waters. . . .

M. Wilder

second-class mail

Larchmont, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: There is no valid reason why the taxpayers, through low postal rates, should subsidize commercial magazines which have become, largely, media to carry advertisements. The distinction can be made that only publications with paid advertisements exceeding a fixed established percentage of their total space shall pay the new high rates. Others may continue at the old rates. There might even be three or four categories of rates. . . .

Moses Cammer

the overseas club

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: We now have an International Committee to Re-Elect the President. It is a worthy counterpart of the American Committee to achieve the same end.

Its active, enrolled members include: Gen. Nguyen Van Thieu, Golda Meir, Leonid Ilyich Brezhnev, Mao Tse-tung, the Vatican, and the newly designated President of Italy.

The Greek colonels, it is rumored, want to endorse Spiro Agnew only. The King of Saudi Arabia is holding out for John Connally.

Phil Frankfeld

prerogatives of the elite

The following is the opening paragraph of a prize-winning essay submitted by an 18-year-old schoolgirl to a contest organized in the San Juan, Calif. Unified School District. It was sent to *The Nation* by Dr. Darol Rasmussen, a member of the Board of Trustees of the school district, in Carmichael, Calif.

Editors

> In the scramble for the materialistic criteria of status that have left America demoralized in the pastures of plenty, the elite class emerges victorious. It is the silent and psychologically suffering majority of this nation, the Middle America, that must be educated. Their problems are not more intense than those of the poor and alienated, but the poor and alienated have already identified the dehumanizing demands of the corporate state as the source of their frustrations. Most Middle Americans, however, do not understand the source of their discontent. Overpopulation, the war, unfair taxes, and most accurately of all, "dirty" politics —all of these are involved as scapegoats for the frustrations of the common man. We have—all of us—been placed against the wall by a system which when pushed to the limits of its exploitation for profit ultimately denies happiness to all but the ruling elite.
>
> *Leslie Ann Kotfila*

EDITORIALS

McGovern's Friends

President Nixon is a master of the arts of the corporation lawyer and opinion manipulator. These qualities stand out whenever he speaks. Their political value is not to be minimized, but only those are deceived who wish to be deceived. McGovern argues in the straightforward manner of Al Smith, and his greatest asset is that sincerity which Madison Avenue yearns for and hardly ever achieves. Millions of Americans detect the palpable difference in the emotional make-up of the two candidates, and on that ground alone their votes will go to McGovern. But not only individual votes are at stake: citizens who view the campaign as a test of the collective morality of the American people can add their insights to those of McGovern's staff, and thus apply a multiplier effect which may prove decisive in the campaign. One such strategist is Stanley T. Gutman, an assistant professor of English at the University of Vermont. Mr. Gutman has written to McGovern campaign headquarters a letter embodying views which we feel the McGovern team would do well to ponder.

> Carey McWilliams is on vacation. His series of editorials, "Campaign '72," will be resumed on his return.

The central issue of the campaign, Gutman feels, is credibility. Nixon poses as the candidate who has brought America peace, law and order, economic security, and pride in itself as a nation. Every one of these claims is false, but lies cleverly phrased and endlessly repeated are a political force. Nixon dares to talk about peace. His effrontery is downright incredible in view of the actual battlefield situation. The Vietcong and the North Vietnamese have destroyed the myth of pacification by Thieu's army and police. A large part of South Vietnam is now in their hands.

McGovern can hammer on this theme, on the state of the economy, on Nixon's favorite myth that he stands for law and order, on the plight of the cities, on the erosion of individual rights, on the easy road of self-adulation as opposed to the hard task of seeing ourselves as the rest of the world sees us. In all these areas, says Mr. Gutman, the big lie must be revealed in detail, with facts, figures and logic.

The war is a primary issue, but the McGovern forces must reckon with the fact that Nixon might be able to deflate it to some extent. With the economy he has less room for maneuver. Abandoning all his professed principles, Nixon imposed controls which are not curbing inflation and which show no signs of reducing unemployment below the 5 per cent level, even by the Administration's own figures. Those are grossly underestimated overall (since many people have been out of work so long that they are no longer seeking employment and do not count in the statistics), while minority groups are far more disadvantaged than the groups to whom Nixon makes his principal appeal.

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McGovern can point to increasing gas and electric rates, to rising food prices, the catastrophic cost of illness and a system of medical care scarcely changed (except technologically and in cost) since the 19th century. In all these cases he must emphasize the rise in economic pressures which have beset the average voter since Nixon took office. The Consumer Price Index tells us that the clothes, telephone bills, food, etc., which cost $100 in 1968, the last pre-Nixon year, cost $125 today. The tax loopholes of 1968 are as wide open as ever and Nixon, always a friend of and beholden to the rich, shows not the slightest inclination to close them. If he is re-elected, the nation will be saddled with a disguised sales tax extending all the way from raw materials to fabricated products, and including all goods and services.

Another opportunity for McGovern lies in issues directly affecting the welfare of women. He can make day-care centers a major campaign issue. Nixon is on record as having vetoed a day-care bill. No matter how devoted a woman is in her role as wife and mother, unless she is one of the few who can hire servants she is bound to feel resentment at being tied to the home. Day care, unlike abortion, has no moral stigma. There is, of course, the likelihood that Nixon will try to label it as a socialistic project to indoctrinate children with un-American ideas, but that charge is easily refuted if the proposal emphasizes local and parental autonomy.

During his nearly four years in office Nixon has been shielded by Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Ziegler, Mitchell, Kissinger, et al., and has minimized his exposure to the press and the people. McGovern must on all issues speak for himself, and force his opponent to bear the onus if he refuses to do the same. Nixon would like to make this a dull campaign, so that undecided voters will vote for him rather than take a chance on a newcomer. McGovern must inject vitality into the campaign; he can only gain by confrontation. With that, and the honesty which stands out in his face and manner, he can win.

McGovern on Wall Street

In his insistence on enunciating a specific program of tax reforms, and a thorough reordering of the priorities governing the spending of tax revenues, George McGovern was "right from the start." It is regrettable, but must be admitted, that in this instance his start was shaky; he jumped the gun with proposals which, whether or not they were inadequately thought out, were unclearly formulated and thus widely misunderstood and impossible to defend.

In his address to the New York Society of Security Analysts on August 29, McGovern managed a restart of his economic proposals in good order and with clear expression of their rationale and their content. In his attack on the Administration's fiscal maneuvers he correctly pointed out that the so-called arms limitation agreement will result, under the Nixon program, not in limitation but expansion of the already enormously wasteful arms budget. Commenting on the clear Administration failure to suggest tax reform or to come to grips with the need for raising ever more money to meet the escalating military madness, McGovern said: "Now we cannot do what

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we want to do unless we first do what we have to do."

His tax reform proposals were clearly and ably explicated. On taxing capital gains equally with earned income: "Money made by money should be taxed at the same rate as money made by men." On sharp curtailment of depletion allowances: "There is no allowance for the depletion of a worker's strength and years." On the closing of investment loopholes for the wealthy: "Every family's home should provide decent shelter, but housing should not provide a shelter for the rich investor."

He pointed out that the costs of his program would not exceed the increased revenue from closed loopholes and reduced exemptions, and the planned reductions in military expenditures. Tax rates on earned income would not be increased in any case, and the top tax bracket, now 70 per cent, would actually be reduced to the present corporate maximum of 48 per cent—but it would be collected, whereas now it too often is not.

Altogether this was an impressive effort; there were traces of defensiveness but they were perhaps only natural in the face of his audience of bulls and bears. The principal flaw was the premature designation of Wilbur Mills as his choice for Secretary of the Treasury—a propitiatory gesture, clearly, which would not have been necessary but for the candidate's sketchily presented initial proposal, and the misunderstandings and misgivings it aroused.

Score one for George McGovern. The economic ball is now in the court of his opponent, who must come up with a specific, detailed proposal of his own, or lose this game by default. The Senator said: "This may be the first national campaign in memory where we can know with greater certainty the results of electing the challenger than of re-electing the incumbent." That is quite true. This time around, American voters need buy no more "secret" plans, for peace or for purse.

Milk and Money

In "Land of Milk and Money" (*The Nation*, December 20, 1971) Frank Wright noted that Secretary of Agriculture Clifford Hardin was resolved that the price of milk would not be raised for the 1971 marketing year; it begins April 1 each year. Dairy farmers, Hardin said, "know from past experience that they do not benefit when dairy production substantially exceeds demand and excessive surpluses pile up in government warehouses. We must avoid this." Moreover, the Secretary pointed out, the free market price of $4.72 per hundredweight was already higher than the $4.66 support level.

Secretary Hardin spoke these intrepid words on March 12, 1971. On March 25 he announced that the support price would after all be boosted to $4.93. Campaign contributions seem to have done it. The dairy farmers had accumulated $1 million for just such contingencies and had invested more than $500,000 in the 1970 Congressional election. By the rise in the support level, the consumers were milked of upwards of $500 million.

Dairy farmers subsequently gave some $300,000 to President Nixon's re-election campaign and other worthy Republican causes, but we have the Administration's word that such moneys had nothing to do with the increase in the support price.

However, that perennial troublemaker, Ralph Nader, filed a suit last year, charging that the price support rise was politically motivated, and he has just produced letters from officials of Mid-America Dairymen, Inc. which appear to contradict the Republican avowals of innocence. The letters came to light as a result of another lawsuit, with which Nader had nothing to do. The National Farmers Organization in Kansas City brought suit against some major dairy cooperatives, and William A. Powell, president of Mid-America Dairymen, and Gary Hanman, chairman of Adept, Mid-America's political fund, did some letter writing.

Mr. Hanman has been quoted in one letter to the effect that Adept and other dairy farmer groups had "played a major role in this Administration's decision" to raise supports. Mr. Powell's contribution was: "The facts of life are that the economic welfare of dairymen does depend a great deal on political action. If dairymen are to receive their fair share of the governmental financial pie that we all pay for, we must have friends in government." Mr. Powell pointed out further that he and other dairy leaders had met with President Nixon on March 23, 1971 and "two days later an order came from the U.S. Department of Agriculture increasing the support price of milk. . . . We dairymen cannot afford to overlook this kind of economic benefit. Whether we like it or not, this is the way the system works."

These letters have been brought to the attention of Attorney General Kleindienst. Now there are calls for a grand jury investigation of political payoffs in exchange for the milk price increase. Mr. Powell's candor should facilitate such an inquiry, however embarrassing it may be for Mr. Kleindienst to press the matter.

The Politics of 'Only Nixon'

We have all heard the argument: no one but Nixon could have gone to Peking and Moscow and negotiated the SALT agreements. The first distortion in this view is that the effects of the journeys of Nixon/Kissinger remain to be evaluated, especially in relation to China. That U.S.-Soviet trade on a considerable scale may result is true, but if American multinational corporations wanted it that way, any President could have initiated such a rapprochement. Nixon's Air Force has just shot up what appears to have been a Chinese supply boat and killed five Chinese, including the captain of a freighter; a few more such incidents, and Chou En-lai's affection for Nixon, probably of low intensity to begin with, may cool further.

As for SALT, it is no more than a beginning, and the Administration has used it for leverage to obtain more goodies for the Pentagon. Nixon keeps preaching that he will never negotiate except from a position of strength, by which he means something close enough to overwhelming strength so that he can get pretty much what he, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Joint Chiefs and other hawkish individuals and organizations feel entitled to.

There is this much truth to the "only Nixon" argument, however. On the present showing, the Russians and Chinese seem to have drawn the conclusion that they can

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deal better with a right-wing President who heads the party of property and horse-and-buggy conservatism, than with a liberal President. Today's so-called conservatives and today's Communists seem to have in common a deep-rooted dislike of liberals.

So much for the facts, which may be different tomorrow. But in theoretical terms (and theory is important in politics as a long-term guide) it is a strangely perverse contention that only the domestic Right can deal with the foreign Left, such as it is. We are called on to vote for a man we despise on the ground that he is now prepared, for his own political advantage, to do what we, his opposition, long clamored for and he inexorably opposed. The effect of the argument is to persuade the enlightened to support an unreliable pretender because he is capitalizing on the work of the party and politicians whose reason for existence the newcomer would now pre-empt.

If this perverse logic prevails, a party will hesitate to take a forward-looking position out of fear that if events move in that direction, the opposition will step in, appropriate the fruits of their pioneering efforts, and run off with the election. And, as some conservatives now complain, it puts a premium on dishonesty.

The Actor

Spiro Agnew seems to regard himself as the John Barrymore of politics; even if he fails to achieve the Presidency, he may well be remembered for his performances on the hustings. He seemed to be enjoying himself while he was lambasting radic-libs, menacing the printed and especially the electronic media, and generally playing the role of the tough guy of the Nixon Administration, second only to Martha Mitchell. But it seems now that none of this reflected his real feelings, he was just following the instructions of the director. The real Agnew, if not overflowing with the milk of human kindness—that would be a bit too much in a campaign such as the present one—is now switching to the benign tolerance of his fellow man which heretofore only his loved ones knew was his true nature. He never had any real stomach for his "cutting edge" role on behalf of the GOP and will gladly enact the part of the good guy with whom millions of good-guy Republicans and good-guy Nixon Democrats will spontaneously identify.

How interesting! It disposes finally of the outworn idea that a politician expresses his honest convictions, holding the welfare of the country nearest to his heart. If that was ever practicable, in the age of television it borders on the ridiculous. Nixon came to understand that prior to 1968 and it got him the Presidency. Middle America must be beguiled with carefully planned programs, resounding generalizations, slogans and all the other paraphernalia of selling soap or salves for acne.

The change of role not only promises to make Mr. Agnew more comfortable in his home and office life but fits him for the greatest role of all, which he has clearly indicated he aspires to play. Of course, if Mr. McGovern should win, Mr. Agnew will have played the role of sunny Spiro in vain; but if the popular adulation which the Nixon camp has recently discovered for its hero should prevail with the voters, long before 1976 Mr. Agnew will have shed his abrasive image and come before the electorate as the ideal combination of strength and kindness. There is only one flaw in this model, and perhaps the arts of television make-up can overcome it. Even when he smiles, as in newspaper photographs, Mr. Agnew's eyes remain small and cold.

'We Wuz Robbed'

The Russians are in desperate need of good public relations counsel and might do well to come to the United States for it, as for wheat and computer technology. The ascendency of Bobby Fischer over Boris Spassky at Reykjavik is a current instance.

Good guys are sometimes winners, but it is nothing to rely on. Still, when they lose, they don't lose everything. They are still good guys and the audience is aware of it. The whole world has seen Spassky as a gentleman and he has done more for the international image of the Soviet Union than Brezhnev and Kosygin combined. In glaring contrast, Fischer has portrayed himself as a prima donna, a practitioner of psychological warfare in an intellectual contest, a greedy businessman, and so on.

But in public relations, Spassky's country is deplorable. Did the Soviets allow their man to lose ground with good grace? No, no, that's not their way. The Russian delegation issued a statement accusing the Americans of using chemical and electronic means to overpower poor Spassky. Apparently this idiotic charge originated in Moscow. The Russian bureaucracy can't bear to lose; they are bad losers, and as is usual with such people, they manage to make themselves ridiculous in the process. They have implicated Spassky in the most absurd public relations gimmick of the year. One could hardly blame him if he defected.

Nominating Miss Rankin

There is a kind of gallows humor in the suggestion, put forward recently by his idolaters, that the Nobel Peace Prize be conferred on Richard Nixon. Such proposals come from men who live in a looking-glass world, where the word war means peace, death life, and the relentless pursuit of power is equated with patriotism and humanity.

A more acceptable nomination for the Peace Prize, one long overdue, is Jeannette Rankin, the first woman to be elected to the United States Congress, and the only member of Congress to vote against our entrance into two great World Wars. "The old tend to join the ranks of the conservatives," Simone de Beauvoir has written in her book on aging. "They do their utmost to preserve the status quo." To this hackneyed generalization Jeannette Rankin is an outstanding exception. Now past the age of 92, but still an active propagandist, she has throughout her life come forward, not to the left, but to the front on two of our most pressing issues: the drive for equal rights and the peace movement. She began her career as a suffragist, seeking more than the right to vote, and when in Congress worked vigorously to obtain equal job opportunities, equal pay for equal work, the right to abortion and all those other demands which the women's liberation groups began to adopt as their platform only fifty years

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later. The liberated women of today have just come up with her.

In the peace movement, however, she is still in the vanguard. When she cast her first vote in Congress against our entrance into World War I in 1917, her reaction was more emotional than logical: she simply could not give her assent to the sacrifice of men's lives, however clothed in patriotic rhetoric. In the years between the two wars, while serving as lobbyist for the National Council for the Prevention of War, she came to learn more about the economic and political forces that led nations into war, and reached the conclusion that neither side in a great conflict was innocent of acts of aggression. Elected to Congress again in 1940, she cast the only vote against our entrance into World War II, not only because she was a pacifist but because she was persuaded that the Roosevelt administration had willfully provoked the Japanese into the attack on Pearl Harbor, a belief that is shared by some reputable historians.

Up to the 1940s, however, Miss Rankin's thought had not progressed beyond the belief that the United States could keep out of wars by limiting its armaments to what was needed for defense—a simple matter, in her view, because of the two ocean barriers that separated us from potential aggressors. The irony of this must have become apparent to her when the armed forces were consolidated into a "Department of Defense" that became the greatest offensive instrument possessed by any nation in history. In the years that followed World War II she restudied those premises, and influenced by the teachings of Gandhi arrived at the conviction that it was armaments themselves, in the hands of men of whatever stripe—evil or idealistic—that led to wars. This was brought home to her on a trip to India in the 1950s, when she saw Nehru, Gandhi's disciple in the theory and practice of nonviolent resistance, converted into a rabid, saber-rattling chauvinist at the time of the China incident.

She believes now that complete, and to begin with unilateral, disarmament on our part is the only solution to the threat of wars. There will always be disputes between nations, she maintains, but "wars never settle anything. We must stop preparing for war because when an emergency comes we think it can be settled by war. When the United States, the biggest and strongest nation in the world, decides to lay down its arms and not use war [as a method of settling disputes] every nation in the world will have to lay down its arms. . . . Every nation is arming because they don't know which side the United States will [take] in a crisis. . . . We'd be the safest country in the world if the world knew we didn't have a gun."

There are precedents for awarding the Nobel Peace Prize to Presidents of the United States. Theodore Roosevelt received one for his efforts to settle the Russo-Japanese War, although the whole thrust of his foreign policy was jingoistic, based on the use of military and naval force. Woodrow Wilson was another recipient, despite the fact that he had led the United States into one war and helped lay the groundwork for an even more terrible war to follow in the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. According to such criteria, Richard Nixon could possibly qualify for the Peace Prize in recognition of his squeamishness about dropping a nuclear bomb on a people decimated by other methods of killing he has authorized. He wasn't always so fastidious.

Meanwhile Jeannette Rankin continues to agitate for peace. Will the Nobel Prize committee please listen?

HANNAH JOSEPHSON

TOKYO FLIRTS WITH THE ATOM

ALBERT AXELBANK

Mr. Axelbank writes for the Montreal Star, *North American Newspaper Alliance and the* San Francisco Chronicle. *His forthcoming book,* Black Star Over Japan, *will be published in the late fall by Hill and Wang.*

Tokyo

Opinion polls among university students in the Tokyo area predict that Japan will be the sixth, seventh or eighth nation to become a nuclear power. It may attain this status in the late 1970s, say some Japan watchers, despite its illogic, and despite foreign warnings and Japanese promises. Outwardly, Japan's nonnuclear status quo looks cozy, with little chance or eagerness on the part of the Japanese to obtain a nuclear arsenal. Almost every responsible Japanese official says Japan will never aspire to nuclear armaments. They admit that never in history has a giant economic power voluntarily eschewed giant military power, but Japan, they say, will prove the exception to the rule. It is on this point that Japan's foremost critics, including Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, have sharply disagreed.

Yet some Japanese leaders are equally frank to admit that it would be foolhardy not to worry at all. For example, the chairman of the executive council of Japan's dominant Liberal-Democratic Party (LDP), said in March 1972: "It is only natural for the world, in particular the neighboring countries, to have unusual concern over what would happen if Japan should ever stray from its self-imposed policy."

This "self-imposed policy" involves the so-called three nonnuclear principles: not to produce, not to import and not to possess nuclear weapons. But members of the left-wing opposition parties, as well as many intellectuals, worry that these may be only temporary principles. Indeed, in mid-1972, Okinawa Gov. Chobyo Yara raised doubts as to whether his island, now returned to Japanese rule, is truly nuclear-free, as Washington and Tokyo both claim. Meanwhile, the vagueness and confusion over this issue is illustrated by ambiguous comments in the press and by intellectuals. Thus a popular national newspaper, *Mainichi,* gave this opinion early in 1971: "Today we see no possibility that Japan could become a militaristic power. But we would have to prevent it, if such a pos-

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sibility should arise." Japan cannot, it added, "ignore the voiced apprehension." In January 1972, the same paper said that nuclear armament is not only a very grave choice for Japan but "it is closely related to what is termed 'Japanese militarism.' "

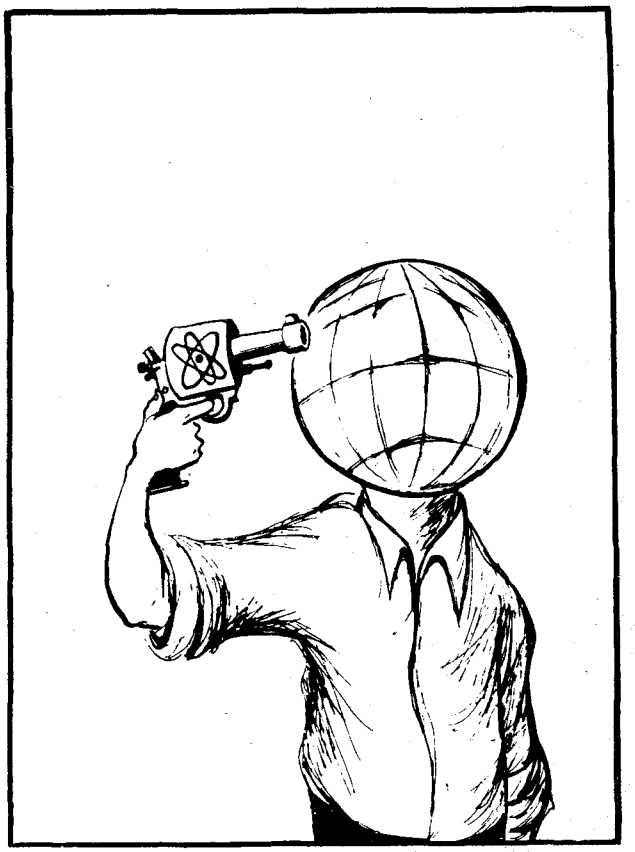
Currently, and largely because of the economic and political problems that have arisen between the United States and Japan, the so-called "nuclear problem" is being frequently debated. In June 1972, a Japanese intellectual and military affairs expert, Junnosuke Kishida, stated in *Japan Quarterly*: "Two or three years from now, Japan will rank seventh among nations of the world in defense spending. No one can guarantee that this situation will not lead Japan to turn to nuclear arms." Actually, Japan's Self-Defense Forces already have drafted "unofficial" plans on the possession and possible use of nuclear arms, and one hears persistent whispers that politicians who are close to the defense agency would like to see these forces obtain nuclear weapons between 1975-80.

This year, the admirals, at least, have seen no need to speak in whispers. For example, Vice-Admiral Kenichi Kitamura, commander of the Maritime Self-Defense Force, a euphemism for Japan's navy, said in May that nuclear submarines are desirable to safeguard Japanese territorial waters. There have been charges and denials that the defense agency is planning to have nuclear-powered submarines equipped with missiles with nuclear warheads.

Foreign diplomats in Tokyo believe Japan may eventually attain nuclear weapons, despite the fact that the United States-Japan Security Treaty is designed in part to check Japan's willingness to develop such weapons. These diplomats say privately that nuclear armament is a probable choice for Japan in the future—if Japan begins to have serious doubts about the reliability of the security pact. These doubts are accelerating rapidly. Thus Masumi Esaki, an ex-chief of Japan's defense agency, and an influential member of the ruling party, not long ago told a joint U.S.-Japan gathering of politicians, statesmen and intellectuals at Santa Barbara, Calif., that he didn't believe America would come to Japan's aid if Soviet or Chinese atomic bombs began falling on his country.

Many U.S. experts on Japan say such skepticism is absurd, but the Japanese remain unconvinced. Actually, Japan is very vulnerable to nuclear attack, which would seem a sound reason for it to shun nuclear weapons forever. The Japanese archipelago is narrow, its population and heavy industry are clustered on the coasts in and around a half dozen sprawling urban areas, and the clockwork could be put out of order quickly.

But some Japanese military men and politicians prompt much speculation when they differentiate—as they do increasingly—between "strategic offensive nuclear arms" on the one hand and "small defensive nuclear arms" on the other. The Tokyo government has declared that the latter, less powerful, weapons are lawful under the nation's pacifist Constitution. But since Article 9 expressly forbids possession of a "war potential" or even armed forces, many citizens find the interpretation dubious. Indeed, the very legality of Japan's Self-Defense Forces is open to question.



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

A recurring problem is that Japanese leaders sometimes speak in the same breath of peaceful nuclear energy and nuclear energy for bombs. Yasuhiro Nakasone, one of Japan's political strong men—he is now Minister of International Trade—a few years ago called for intensive Japanese study of nuclear weapons because he said such weapons might be used in Asia. At the same time, he said Japan must pay much attention to production of enriched uranium to be used for peaceful purposes. Needless to say, the worriers put two and two together, since nuclear fuel can be turned to military ends if desired. Meanwhile, suspicions were raised in 1971, when Nakasone, as Director-General of the defense agency, visited Washington and asked Secretary Melvin Laird for help in acquiring large American supplies of enriched uranium. Reports said Laird was agreeable. It is officially estimated that between now and 1985, Japan's outlay for building nuclear power plants and purchasing enriched uranium will reach almost $20 billion.

Nakasone helped prepare the 1970 Japanese "Defense White Paper," the first such document on military affairs in Japan's postwar period. It openly discussed the possibility of Japan's nuclearization. The threads don't end there. Last July, this big-power advocate, in addition to being appointed Minister of Trade, was also appointed Director-General of the Science and Technology Agency, as well as chairman of the Japanese Atomic Energy Commission. □

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MANIPULATING THE BLOCS

CHURCH, STATE & MR. NIXON

JOHN M. SWOMLEY, Jr.
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Roman Catholics in the United States lived for decades in a hostile, culturally Protestant environment. They considered themselves an embattled minority or, as some put it, "in a state of siege." The self-awareness as a group and growing strength through immigration from Europe made them a valuable political asset, especially in the Northeastern industrial states. Al Smith and Franklin Roosevelt recognized the political strength of the Catholic bloc and brought it into the Democratic Party in the 1930s. Since then, two men have dramatically changed the Roman Catholic mood. Pope John XXIII liberated the Church from its intellectual and doctrinal stagnation; John Kennedy demonstrated that the Church was an accepted, no longer embattled, part of American life. As a result, it is not possible to assume that all or even most Catholics think and vote en masse.

In an extensive survey of the Roman Catholic Church, made last October, *Newsweek* concluded that a Catholic's attitude is likely to be shaped less by his religion than by "his income, education, and where he floats in America's still bubbling melting pot." A survey of U.S. Catholics conducted for *Newsweek* by the Gallup organization revealed that "a majority of American Catholics feel free to ignore the Holy Father's condemnation of contraception, and on other public issues such as abortion and aid to parochial schools, conflict has replaced consensus in Catholic circles."

Nevertheless, Richard M. Nixon believes that by adopting essentially the position of the more conservative members of the Catholic hierarchy he can capture the Catholic vote. The *National Catholic Reporter* indicated in May that "Strategists for President Nixon reportedly feel that the next election will be decided by the votes of presently uncommitted urban Catholics." *The Wall Street Journal* added: "If 1968 was the year of the Southern strategy for Richard Nixon, signs are emerging that 1972 is the year of the Catholic strategy. . . ." The President's own actions provide the evidence to support this analysis. He rejected the recommendations of his population commission with respect to greater availability of contraceptives and family planning services and support for liberalized abortion. Instead, he publicly identified himself with the "right to life of literally hundreds of thousands of unborn children," a recurrent theme of those Catholics who oppose both birth control and the right of a woman to have an abortion. He has repeatedly emphasized his commitment to public support of Catholic schools. And at the Knights of Columbus annual convention in 1971 he pointedly referred to Catholics in his official circles, especially to his secretary who was trained in parochial schools, saying: "If that is what Catholic education does, I am for more of it."

Nixon also instructed his Commissioner of Education, Dr. Sidney P. Marland, Jr., to call a three-day conference to "explore ways of further implementing" the President's "pledge to assist nonpublic schools. . . ." The conference, which was attended in November 1971 by public and parochial school administrators from the nation's forty-four largest school districts, was designed to create the partnership between public and parochial schools long sought by the Catholic hierarchy, but rejected in the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. Nixon's message to the conference said: "It is my view that the most important and enduring result that can be achieved from this conference is a full recognition of the mutual dependence of our public and nonpublic schools." Dr. Marland, who had earlier said he saw no legal way to provide public funds directly to parochial schools or indirectly to parents of parochial schoolchildren, nevertheless appointed a "coordinator who will help nonpublic school pupils obtain all federal aid services for which they are eligible."

The Catholic strategy has also resulted in the appointment of Father Martin J. McManus as a consultant on white ethnic minorities to the Republican National Committee. The black minority is largely written off in favor of the Catholic working class, especially those in it who oppose bussing to achieve desegregated schools. White House aide Patrick J. Buchanan has said, "If the President is to have any kind of a majority, it has to be composed of Northern Catholics and Southern Protestants." This in turn means that there must be some unifying emphasis that will appeal to these diverse groups. The Catholic ethnic laborers who oppose bussing for desegregation, the Southern white and the Catholic middle class all have a vested interest in religiously and racially exclusive schools.

Nixon's Catholic strategy, which has been unfolding during the past three years, became evident in his April address to the National Catholic Education Association (NCEA). In that statement of his educational policy he linked his opposition to bussing to achieve desegregation with his promise to the Catholic hierarchy to subsidize their Church schools. He told 8,000 applauding bishops, priests, nuns, lay teachers and schoolchildren: "You in this audience know all too well how limited our public funds for education are. That is why I believe it makes compelling sense to use those limited funds to provide better education for all our children, rather than more transportation for just some of our children."

A black Catholic leader, Joseph Davis, wrote that Nixon's emphasis on using limited funds for parochial as well as public schools "rather than using these funds for desegregation achieved through bussing . . . subtly joined Catholic aspirations with his own political ambitions of satisfying racist white Americans." But Nixon sought to salve

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the Catholic conscience by stating that Catholic education has "stood its ground, continuing the effort to maintain good schools in these poor and racially isolated communities which need them most." Davis, who is also a columnist for the *National Catholic Reporter,* commented that "NCEA's own statistics, published in 1971, do not bear that out." Neither does the 1967 report of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights, which asserted that "private and parochial school enrollment also is an important factor in the increasing concentration of Negroes in city school systems." Davis calls Catholic education "largely in our times a suburban, middle-class white phenomenon." Father Donald W. McIlvane, vice president of the Pittsburgh Catholic Interracial Council, also insists that at present "Catholic schools inherently contribute to racial segregation. . . . We can document this again and again in the city of Pittsburgh, and in other cities within our diocese. . . . For four years we have asked the Catholic school board to come up with a plan to desegregate its schools. Our request has been politely refused."

Throughout his address to the NCEA and in other public statements Nixon used the phrase "nonpublic schools." This locution, which Catholic spokesmen have used in recent years as a synonym for their Church schools, is intended to include the relatively few private secular schools that cater to the upper-economic classes. The hope is that, by including all private schools and using an inclusive secular phrase, "nonpublic," aid to the entire parochial-private school complex will be deemed constitutional. When Nixon mentions "nonpublic schools," he is understood throughout the South to be including the hundreds of private schools that have sprung up since 1965 as a result of court decisions to desegregate public schools. By 1970, 250,000 students were attending these new private schools. An additional 300 opened in 1970. Many of these have the backing of white Protestant churches, which may explain the absence of the usual Southern insistence on separation of church and state. On December 3, 1970, the Kansas City *Times* described one of these schools, operated in the Victory Missionary Baptist Church of North Little Rock, Ark. An all-Baptist faculty teaches 137 pupils, who pay $365 a year in tuition.

In his NCEA address Nixon specifically pandered to this racist and class impulse by a comment pointed to non-Catholics: "What we really seek in America is an educational free market. Nonpublic schools give parents the opportunity to send their children to institutions that they choose. The reasonable preferences of parents in this matter should be respected by government authorities." Since the government by Supreme Court decision is already bound to permit parents to send their children to private schools, Nixon is proposing a federal subsidy to induce more middle-class white parents to send their children to nonpublic schools, as well as to reward those who already do so.

In March 1970, the President set up a Commission on School Finance to report to him on the "future revenue needs and resources of the nation's public and nonpublic elementary and secondary schools." In the following month, he selected from that commission a special Panel on Nonpublic Education composed of four partisans of private and parochial schools, including Clarence Walton, president of Catholic University, and Bishop William E. McManus, director of Catholic Education of the Archdiocese of Chicago.

Neither commission nor panel was intended to make an objective study of nonpublic schools, but the commission report does show less bias than the panel report. The commission stated: "In reviewing the plight of the nonpublic schools we find that the most serious problems exist among those schools sponsored by Roman Catholic institutions. And despite the pressing financial problems of the Roman Catholic schools, we find that their survival does not depend totally or even mainly on the amount of money available to them." The panel, on the other hand, assumed, without producing any evidence, that Catholic schools were in such financial crisis that in certain key cities and states all of them might close. It concluded that "some $3 billion of added operating costs could annually fall on the already heavily burdened public sector if nonpublic schools collapse."

President Nixon relied on the same dubious estimate in his NCEA address: "The disappearance of all nonpublic schools in this country would saddle the American taxpayer with an additional $3 billion annually in school operating costs. . . ." He also warned that the "collapse of the nonpublic schools" would force "146,000 Philadelphia parochial school pupils into public schools," in New York City "over 300,000" and in Chicago "over 200,000."

The only objective and comprehensive study of nonpublic schools in these cities was conducted in New York City. That study, entitled "Three Out of Ten: The Nonpublic Schools of New York City" (New York Department of City Planning, March 1972), demonstrated the propaganda approach of both Nixon and his Panel on Nonpublic Education. In New York City, according to the study, there are more than 400,000 nonpublic school students, and the enrollment is increasing. The increase, however, is in the non-Catholic private schools. "In the past six years, twenty-five New York City Catholic schools closed, while sixteen opened. . . . Closings largely reflect consolidation into new or existing schools. Only a few closed for lack of funds."

The same New York study projected "a 19 per cent decline in city Catholic elementary school enrollments by 1976-77. On the high school level, we project a decline of 2 per cent by 1976-77." The study indicated that "The decline in Catholic elementary school enrollment is not primarily due to rising costs. Other recent studies [elsewhere in the United States] have reached the same conclusion. All point to changing Catholic attitudes as the fundamental issue." Enrollment is declining also because Catholic families are becoming smaller.

A research report by George F. Madaus of Boston College and Donald Erickson of the University of Chicago was submitted to the President's Commission on School Finance but not included in its report. The authors said: "So far as we are aware, not one of the recent analyses of relationships between enrollment and tuition levels has produced evidence that parents are leaving nonpublic schools primarily because of increasing costs." They con-

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cluded that "one must be naive, uninformed or dishonest to depict the current enrollment decline in nonpublic schools as fundamentally a consequence of cost increases."

Yet Nixon's Panel on Nonpublic Education, assuming that cost is the primary problem, has proposed among other things, federal income-tax credits for parents who send their children to parochial and other private schools. A 50 per cent tax-credit plan and draft legislation for it had been proposed last year by a special committee of the U.S. Catholic bishops headed by Bishop McManus, after recent federal court decisions outlawed direct aid to parochial schools and salary supplements to Church schoolteachers. A tax credit differs from a tax deduction in that the credit is subtracted from the total tax owed after all permissible deductions have been used to reduce the taxable income. The middle-class nature of the Bishop's proposal is obvious. A tax credit would be of scant benefit to parents with little or no taxable income.

The bishops evidently believe that well-to-do Catholics who have not been induced to contribute to Catholic education by tax-deductible contributions to their Church will be induced to continue sending their children to parochial schools by tax credits which shift half the cost to federal taxpayers with no children in parochial or other private schools. The plan, which is apparently a part of Nixon's Catholic election strategy, necessarily involves double taxation for all those who support the public schools and whose children do not attend parochial or other private schools.

The significance of the tax-credit plan lies in the desperation of its sponsors. They want the general taxpayer to make up for the decline in Catholic contributions to the Church. "Three Out of Ten" stated: "Catholic elementary school families reported that they contributed a median of $8.33 to the parish monthly and a median of $6.20 monthly for school tuition and fees, a total of $162 per year, or 2.5 per cent of their income." A study conducted elsewhere in the nation by Ernest J. Bartell, until recently the chairman of Notre Dame's Department of Economics, revealed that Catholics are contributing only about 2 per cent of their income to the Church, including maintenance of their school system. Bartell wrote in this context: "The indication is that the school system simply rests too far down on their list of priorities." Father Bartell, who was also an adviser to the President's Commission on School Finance, has, according to the December 20, 1971 *New York Times*, repeatedly warned the Catholic bishops "that the survival of their schools depends not so much on obtaining federal aid as on making internal reforms."

The New York State Commission on the Quality, Cost and Financing of Elementary and Secondary Education, chaired by Manly Fleischmann, examined nonpublic education with the assistance of a committee of consultants headed by Louis R. Gary, formerly chairman of the Committee on Educational Research for the Archdiocese of New York. That commission opposed aid to parochial schools, but asserted that if aid were granted despite its recommendation, it should be conditioned "upon greater self-help, including increased tuition and parish-church support, redistribution of parish-church resources," and school consolidations. The commission pointed out that of the seventy-six Catholic elementary schools which closed in the state between 1965 and 1969, twenty-five charged no tuition at all. The commission also forecast declining enrollments in Catholic schools regardless of cost factors or state aid, but did not foresee the collapse of the Catholic school system. Instead of aid to nonpublic schools it saw the need for aid to public schools that absorb those who transfer from parochial schools.

Despite the mass of evidence available in the New York, Wisconsin, Colorado, Iowa, New York City and other studies, President Nixon prefers to follow the lead of the hierarchy on the school issue. Although the Gallup survey conducted for *Newsweek* in 1971 showed that "only one out of two" Catholics "wants the church to continue its opposition to abortion," Nixon backed Cardinal Cooke in his campaign to repeal New York's law permitting abortion. Nixon's letter to the Cardinal, released by express authority of the White House, was obvious intervention in New York on a state issue.

Carl Rowan undoubtedly spoke for many Roman Catholics when he wrote in his syndicated news column: "There is nothing wrong with my wanting my child inculcated early with the tenets of Catholicism or my neighbor's desire to make his 8-year-old a devout Seventh Day Adventist. But this is one area where I cannot ask my neighbor to help foot the bill. Just one more way of tearing apart this deeply troubled country would be the involvement of the federal government in promoting even indirectly one religion or another, aside from the fact that it would quickly destroy an already ailing school system."

The Nixon Catholic strategy, however, is not based on what is best for the country but on pure opportunism. The President believes he can win Catholic votes without losing the support of traditional Republicans and other conservatives; he counts on Southern Protestants being more racist than anti-Catholic or pro-separation of church and state. The Catholic hierarchy's recent ecumenical gestures toward Protestants have also encouraged the President to believe that Protestant clergymen with a longer ecumenical concern will not jeopardize new Catholic relationships by vigorously defending the First Amendment's "no establishment of religion" clause.

The President undoubtedly has other reasons for his Catholic strategy. Who has given more strength for his war policies in Indochina than the conservative Catholics? Although pressed to do so by anti-war Catholics, Cardinal John Krol of Philadelphia, president of the U.S. Catholic Conference, failed to include the war on the agenda of the spring 1972 meeting of the bishops in Atlanta. An article in the January *America* by Msgr. Marvin Bordelon of the U.S. Catholic Conference staff, calling for a unilateral cease-fire in Indochina, "reportedly angered Cardinal Krol," said the *National Catholic Reporter*, "even though the article clearly stated it was Msgr. Bordelon's personal opinion." When Bishop John J. Dougherty, chairman of the Bishops' International Affairs Committee, was asked in the spring to join other Catholics in condemning the mining of North Vietnam's harbors, the *National Catholic Reporter* said "he responded that he had been told that as committee chairman he could not sign such statements." It is possible that Cardinal Krol wished to avoid antagonizing a President who was supporting Catholic schools, but it is more likely that Krol was sincere when,

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introducing Mr. Nixon to the NCEA convention, he said "the philosophy he espouses is the same one we do."

It is difficult to predict the outcome of Nixon's Catholic strategy. He is unlikely to win the votes of Catholics who oppose his expansion of the war in Vietnam or those who are unemployed or otherwise suffering financially because of his economic policies. He has also antagonized some who seek a renewal within the Church. The executive secretary of the National Association of Laity, Joseph O'Donoghue, accused Nixon of "ethical irresponsibility" after his Knights of Columbus speech supporting federal aid to parochial schools, because he thereby encouraged the hierarchy to spend $6 million lobbying for the idea.

It is even possible that the Catholic strategy may backfire, as it did for Ohio's Republican Governor, James A. Rhodes, in his 1970 primary campaign against Robert Taft. The head of the Cleveland Catholic school system, Msgr. William N. Novicky, sent out letters to all pastors, Catholic school principals and selected parents, asking them to show appreciation for all the state aid Rhodes had arranged for parochial schools by attending a $25-a-plate fund-raising dinner for the Governor in Columbus. His letter to school principals said that their "cooperation in approaching parents and others will be deeply appreciated by the Ohio Catholic Conference and the six bishops of Ohio." Opposition to such blatant political use of the Church arose within the Catholic community. Rhodes was defeated and Taft became the Republican nominee for the Senate.

Catholics as well as other Americans have an interest in keeping the Church out of the hands of unscrupulous politicians. The danger in the Nixon strategy is one the drafters of the Constitution sought to avoid by adopting the First Amendment. That amendment was designed not only to prevent the establishment of a state religion; it was designed also to remove religious controversy from American political and governmental life. In the words of the Supreme Court, it was intended to avoid "an excessive governmental entanglement with religion."

No President or legislator has the constitutional right to intervene in the religious life of the nation, to pit conservative Catholics against liberal Catholics, to pit parochial school Christians and Jews against those who believe in other forms of religious education, to pit white Christians against black Christians by offering to finance their religiously sponsored exclusive schools. Yet that is precisely what the present occupant of the White House is doing. Nixon, the law-and-order candidate of 1968, is promising certain religious groups financial support that he can deliver only by circumventing the Constitution. □

MORSE vs. HATFIELD

DUEL OF THE OREGON DOVES

JOEL R. CONNELLY
Mr. Connelly is co-author of Hesburgh's Notre Dame: Triumph in Transition, *to be published by Hawthorn in October.*

Portland, Ore.

For opponents of the war in Vietnam two of the most admired men in American politics have been Oregon Senators Wayne Morse and Mark Hatfield. In 1964, Morse and Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska stood alone in denouncing President Johnson's Gulf of Tonkin resolution. Until his defeat in 1968, Morse fought every appropriation of funds for the war, and repeatedly called for the pull-out of U.S. forces from Indochina and for United Nations intervention in Vietnam. Since entering the Senate in 1966, after being the only governor in the nation to dissent from Johnson's war policies, Hatfield has joined his Democratic colleague George McGovern in sponsoring end-the-war legislation. The Republican Senator has spoken at peace rallies and strongly protested such Nixon measures as the 1970 invasion of Cambodia and the Laotian incursions of 1971.

This fall, ex-Senator Morse and Senator Hatfield are running against each other. Hatfield is seeking a second term as Oregon's senior Senator; Morse is trying to return to the Senate, where he served for twenty-four years. Surprisingly, the race may turn into a referendum on the performance of the Nixon Administration.

There is a dramatic contrast in style between the candidates. Wayne Morse, now 71, is working fifteen hours a day to gather support for his comeback bid. In the midst of a typical day on the stump, Morse can be found striding down a street in the small coastal resort town of Seaside. The candidate moves quickly, and has left his staff a half block behind by the time he arrives at the local convention center to address delegates to the Oregon AFL-CIO convention.

Morse receives a standing ovation from the union members, many of whom were hostile to his 1968 re-election bid. Four years ago, in part because of his outspoken denunciation of the Vietnamese War, the Oregon Democrat barely won renomination in a bitter contest with ex-Congressman Robert Duncan, a Johnson loyalist. Many unions withheld support in the general election, and Morse lost to his young Republican challenger, Robert Packwood.

In this year's primary, Morse beat Duncan again, taking almost half of the vote in a four-way race for the Democratic Senate nomination. The contest was far less heated this time, and Duncan is supporting Morse in the general election. So are the unions, for they retain memories of the ex-Senator's ability as a labor mediator, and hostile feelings toward the wage and price policies of the Administration.

As a result of the Democratic unity, the general election will be close. In a statewide poll, Hatfield leads Morse by 4 percentage points, with 20 per cent of the electorate

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Wayne Morse

still undecided. That is taken as an encouraging sign by the Morse camp. "We're within striking distance going into the stretch," reports Morse's campaign aide Tom Brumm. "The AFL-CIO has endorsed us, and we've picked up a $10,000 check from COPE. We need the money. Hatfield's going to have $700,000 or $800,000 to spend on this race."

As Morse addresses the AFL-CIO delegates, one need not strain to hear him. The raspy Morse voice carries to all corners of the convention hall. That voice is well known to members of the Senate, too, for in his years on Capitol Hill, Morse spent a great deal of time speaking from the floor. On the afternoon before adjournment or recess, the Senate would experience its "Morse Hour," a time dreaded by impatient Senators. The Senator from Oregon would lecture his colleagues on subjects ranging from parking conditions in the District of Columbia to the dangers of an Asian land war. Morse could go on for a very long time when moved by the occasion; for years he held the Senate filibuster record at twenty-two hours, until in 1957 South Carolina's Strom Thurmond held forth for twenty-four hours in the civil rights debate.

Speaking to the AFL-CIO convention, however, the ex-Senator reins his remarks down to a minute and a half, but still manages to give a table-pounding pep talk. "The real issue across this country is also the issue in Oregon," he thunders. "We just can't stand to run the risk of another four years of the Nixon Administration!" The delegates cheer and stomp for a full minute. Amid the tumult, Morse makes a quick reference to "government by Executive supremacy and secrecy," and then stops.

This year's Morse campaign has featured a number of such scenes, for the ex-Senator has concentrated on old-fashioned stumping and powerful oratory in his quest to return to Washington. In his first successful Senate campaign of twenty-eight years ago, running then as a Republican insurgent, Morse spoke at open meetings across Oregon. His campaign techniques have not changed with the advent of the one-minute television spot. In fact, his campaign has used only one poorly made ten-second TV ad this year. Morse travels the state in his Dodge camper (he dislikes small planes), visiting small towns and rural areas.

By contrast, Hatfield is waging an expensive and skillful media campaign. The Republican is stressing the age issue, and television spots are designed to show a vigorous Hatfield while subtly reminding voters that he is twenty-five years younger than his challenger. (At one point in the primary campaign, Morse hiked 4.5 miles in a charity walkathon, at such a fast pace that a CBS camera crew could keep up with him for only a mile.)

Hatfield is also touring the state (by plane), endeavoring to offset complaints that he has ignored his constituents. Since his election, the Senator has devoted much of his attention to foreign policy. He has made frequent trips abroad, including a publicized trip to the Soviet Union last year. When not traveling, Hatfield has been sponsoring anti-war measures, and when not preoccupied with Vietnam, he has been working for a reduction in U.S. troop commitments to NATO and for de-escalation of the Middle East arms race.

Hatfield's activities have produced widespread resentment in Oregon, and a year ago few wagered that the Senator could even win renomination. As a result of his anti-war position and brief flirtation with the McCarthy Presidential campaign of 1968, he was viewed with open suspicion by Republican leaders in Oregon. Rank-and-file dissatisfaction was registered in an *Oregon Journal* poll, which showed a possible Republican challenger, Oregon's popular Gov. Tom McCall, leading Hatfield by 3 to 1.

Fearing to lose the primary, Hatfield renewed his ties with the Administration. He toned down his rhetoric on Vietnam early this year, and gave much needed support to such Nixon domestic programs as revenue sharing. Hatfield also reminded Administration officials that he had delivered a preconvention endorsement of candidate Nixon in 1968.

The Administration responded by passing the word that no Goodell-style purge of a liberal GOP Senator was desired in Oregon. To underscore the point, former Attorney General Mitchell and his wife gave a fund-raising cocktail party for Hatfield. Governor McCall, a loyal Nixon man, then chose not to enter the primary, and Hatfield won handily in the May balloting.

In the Senate, meanwhile, Hatfield led the successful effort to strip committee assignments from South Dakota's bedridden Sen. Karl Mundt. Hatfield was

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awarded Mundt's seat on the powerful Senate Appropriations Committee, becoming the first Oregon Senator to sit on Appropriations in twenty years.

With his prestigious committee post, Hatfield now argues that he can perform more services for Oregon than can Morse. The claim is hotly disputed by the Morse camp, for the ex-Senator always kept his home fences mended even while engrossed in such national issues as the usurpation of Congressional war-making powers. If he is returned to the Senate, promises Morse, his twenty-four years of seniority will be recognized and rewarded with important committee assignments, including Foreign Relations.

Nonetheless, Hatfield's arguments have had an effect, and the incumbent's political resurrection has surprised most Oregon commentators. Morse's return to political battle in a sense helped Hatfield. From the moment of his candidacy announcement, attention shifted to the challenger, for Wayne Morse has long been one of the most outspoken men in American politics. Thus, the question of how well Hatfield brought home the bacon became a matter of secondary concern.

For his part, Morse sees the record of the Nixon Administration as the chief issue in the race. A former law school dean and self-styled "constitutional liberal," he has spoken out against what he describes as the unconstitutional usurpation of powers by the Executive branch of the federal government. "Nixon has acted in shocking secrecy outside the advice and consent clause of the Constitution," Morse maintains in speaking of the President's Moscow arms limitation accord. "No President has the right to enter into a single secret agreement with a foreign power. Secret agreements usually mean a commitment of American lives if things go wrong, and things usually do go wrong with secret agreements. I say we can't stand to risk four more years of this. If we have four more years of Nixon, you'll have a government by the Presidency alone!

"We have three coequal branches of government," Morse continues, "and people must learn that the abstract principles of our form of government are directly related to the day-to-day exercise of their freedom. There can be no exercise of these liberties separate from implementation of the constitutional guarantees I'm talking about. . . ."

Morse is openly critical of his former Senate colleagues, denouncing Hatfield and others for "their unwillingness to fight encroachments of the Executive branch. The last time Congress blocked usurpation of powers on the part of a President was with Truman in the steel case. You take the confirmation of Chief Justice Burger three years ago. That was a clear case of the White House moving to make itself supreme over the judiciary. If I'd been in the Senate when Burger was nominated, there would have been a ten-day seminar on the floor of the Senate, and I would have conducted it. I would have gone over all of the decisions he rendered while a judge on the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. You know, he didn't receive a single letter from a fellow judge on that court recommending that he be Chief Justice. He's not even a competent lawyer. His opinions have been consistently overruled, and I would have flunked any law student who turned in some of them. He was a hack lawyer from Minnesota who helped elect Eisenhower and he got a payoff by being appointed a judge. He's never demonstrated any competency as a judge, and that's what I would have pointed out in the Senate. I would have done the research on Burger, and I would have raised conflict of interest charges—the exact same charges which were raised with Haynsworth—when Blackmun came up for confirmation."

Sensing a deep voter discontent with politicians, Morse promises to be outspoken, even abrasive, if he returns to the Senate. By contrast, Hatfield is stressing his ability to work with Senate colleagues. To Hatfield supporters, Morse is an anachronistic politician, a self-righteous maverick who always stood alone in the Senate. Hatfield is presented as an effective legislator who managed to line up forty-two votes for the Hatfield-McGovern amendment. Playing both sides of the fence, the Hatfield camp also stresses the Senator's ability to work with the Administration.

Morse is contemptuous of such talk, arguing that Hatfield's willingness to accommodate and his support of Nixon's re-election bid represent a sellout of the anti-war cause. Says Morse: "Hatfield backs Nixon, and Nixon is the man who is responsible for the continued indiscriminate bombing in Southeast Asia. You can't have it both ways. If John and Martha Mitchell are raising money for you, then you have to be ranked as a supporter of this Administration and all its works. And besides, if you

Mark Hatfield

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just look at the record, Hatfield's voted for defense appropriations bills containing money for the continuation of the Vietnamese War. The trouble with Hatfield is the trouble with many men who call themselves public servants. He doesn't put his vote where his mouth is."

Wayne Morse remains an underdog in the Oregon Senate race. Hatfield's campaign organization is extensive and professional. He has an ample budget with which to mount his media campaign and send out his computerized mailings. Hatfield also has the age issue working for him. In spite of what Morse says, Hatfield *does* have it both ways. The Senator runs strongly among voters under 21, but has also regained the backing of many pro-Administration voters. Hatfield's GOP support could be shaken, however, if Governor McCall, who still shows strength in the polls, decides to run for the Senate as an independent. But a McCall candidacy appears unlikely, now that the Administration's blessing has fallen on Hatfield.

However, the veteran campaigner in his Dodge camper cannot be underestimated. Before Election Day, Morse will have logged more than 30,000 miles on the campaign trail. His half-hour stump speech, largely a denunciation of Nixon policies, both foreign and domestic, will have been delivered before thousands of voters. Moreover, the ex-Senator's campaign will be aided by legions of McGovern volunteers, for the South Dakotan's Presidential campaign is popular and well-organized in Oregon. Morse was an early McGovern supporter, though in the Oregon Presidential primary the ex-Senator forced withdrawal of one TV spot describing McGovern as the first Senator to oppose the war in Vietnam.

As usual, Wayne Morse has the last word. "This campaign will stand or fall on personal contact, and even though they say there's an age issue, I'll cover more ground and talk to more people than anyone else on the ballot. Hatfield just won't be able to keep up with us." □

AIR POLLUTION

WHO WILL BELL THE CAR?

RICHARD H. GILLULY
Mr. Gilluly, a former member of Sen. Lee Metcalf's staff and a former writer on the environment for the Billings, Mont. Gazette, *is now the environmental sciences editor of* Science News.

Jay Forrester of M.I.T., among other urbanologists, has recently been saying—and proving—that Band-Aid measures for urban ills usually deepen the total pathology. The futility of the *ad hoc* approaches was never more evident than this spring when several cities proposed some exceedingly odd remedies for air pollution caused by automobiles. At the same time, the otherwise dedicated chief of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), William D. Ruckelshaus, showed himself still unwilling to ignite the bitter controversies that will surely ensue when he or his successor begins to deal in a realistic fashion with pollution problems caused by the automobile.

Ruckelshaus announced on May 31 that he had approved, or partly approved, plans submitted by states or territories for cleaning up their air by the mid-1975 deadline established under Sen. Edmund Muskie's 1970 clean air amendments. At the same time, he announced that twenty-seven cities—most of the major ones in the nation—had been given two-year extensions for meeting the goals. In these cities a prime problem is auto-caused pollution, and it is evident that the cities have put forward no truly effective answers. So Ruckelshaus deferred action on many of the state plans (which incorporate the specific urban plans) until an EPA study of the efficacy of various abatement "strategies" is completed in February 1973.

The fact is, however, that no additional studies are needed; it is obvious that the February date was chosen because it allows a decent interval after the election before hard decisions must be announced. Ruckelshaus probably hopes that the national mood will then be less contentious and more receptive to the only truly cost-effective solution to auto-caused pollution: to reduce sharply the numbers of autos in cities, even banning them entirely from some urban areas, and to substitute urban mass transit. The logic of this approach is inexorable, and Ruckelshaus in his more general statements (as opposed to statements setting out specific rules or policies) has said so himself. Nowhere is the logic more compelling than in an examination of some of the proposals now being made by the cities for cleaning up their air.

For instance, several cities plan to require "retrofit" emission control devices to be installed on older cars. The reason for this, as EPA has acknowledged, is that even if auto companies were able to meet the 1975 and 1976 deadlines for new car emission controls, there would for several years still be plenty of pre-1975 cars around to foul the air. San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego definitely plan to require the devices and New York City (and nearby areas in New Jersey and Connecticut), Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and Denver are thinking about requiring them. EPA claims the devices would cost $30 to $150 apiece, but estimates of the costs of emission control devices for *new* cars, installed on the assembly line, have been quoted in a far higher range, and it seems unlikely that the devices could be cheaper when custom-fitted on old cars. (The reasons for the price spread will become apparent later on in this article.) A major social cost of the auto-dominated urban transportation systems is the immobility of large numbers of people who cannot afford to drive cars. Requiring the emission control devices—even if they cost, say, only $100—would add greatly to this already large population of the immobile, because, of course, old cars belong to poor people. Thus this badly—or callously—thought-out "solu-

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tion" would greatly aggravate the human problems created by chaotic urban transportation systems.

At this point a brief review of the Muskie amendments is necessary. Along with subsequent EPA regulations, they specify the quality of ambient air that must be achieved by mid-1975 (or mid-1977 where extensions are granted) to meet public health criteria. Five pollutants must be controlled: carbon monoxide, nitrogen oxides, hydrocarbons, sulfur oxides and particulates, along with a sixth, photochemical smog, which occurs when nitrogen oxides and hydrocarbons react together under the catalyst of sunlight. The amendments call for a 90 per cent reduction (from 1970 levels) of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons from new 1975 cars and of nitrogen oxides from new 1976 cars. But the law does not otherwise say how the ambient air goals are to be met. That is left to state and local jurisdictions and to the 247 air quality regions that exist either within or overlapping state boundaries. Thus the situation amounts to this: EPA has direct control over new-car emissions and over the setting of uniform national ambient air goals; but its authority is indirect as regards strategies for meeting those air goals. These strategies, broadly speaking, are designed to abate pollution from stationary fuel-burning sources (mainly power plants) and to maintain the efficiency of emission controls on both old and new cars, including, where applicable, the requirement for the retrofit controls. Local implementation plans must, however, be acceptable to EPA, and the federal agency can promulgate its own plans if it doesn't like the local ones; if necessary, it can also take over enforcement of approved local plans. In his May 31st announcement, Ruckelshaus fully approved only twelve of the state plans. Final decisions on many of the others will come in February, after the new study is available.

However, a number of other studies have been released over the past few months and, intentionally or otherwise, they make it perfectly obvious that there is no need to wait for yet another one. One of the most interesting of the recent studies must be read between the lines. It was conducted by the Coordinating Research Council (CRC) with joint funding by EPA, the Automobile Manufacturers' Association and the American Petroleum Institute. Although the conclusions of the study cannot be assumed to bear the imprimatur of EPA just because the federal agency helped pay for it, it nevertheless makes some strange assumptions which EPA must have at least tacitly approved. The purpose of the CRC study was to construct a mathematical model into which cities could crank facts about their financial condition, numbers of automobiles on their streets and air quality, and receive back plans for the most cost-effective ways to make autos meet emission standards—or not to meet them, as the case may be. The implication of the study is that few cities can afford really strict enforcement of auto emission standards and that, unless they materially reduce the auto traffic within their boundaries, they will have to be content with a sloppy job of enforcement.

For instance, CRC says, alluding to a report by a subcontractor, "TRW Systems Group's calculations show that motorists in cities like Los Angeles and Denver, where hydrocarbon emissions are the main problem, can expect to pay more for emission inspections and maintenance than motorists in areas where carbon monoxide is the pollutant of major concern." What this means is that if hydrocarbons, which are expensive to reduce, do not violate ambient air standards, then it is O.K. to ignore hydrocarbon emissions from automobiles. This would put EPA in the strange position of requiring auto companies to install hydrocarbon controls on new cars by 1975, but then saying to the cities that the federal government does not care whether the controls work or not. (Presumably, retrofit emission controls for older cars could also be selective, and this is apparently the reason for the lower range of costs quoted for them by EPA.)

Even worse is an apparent recommendation in the CRC study for ignoring certain pollutants even when they *do* violate ambient air standards. "For areas like New York City and Washington, D.C.," says the report, "where carbon monoxide is the major problem, the model recommends [reduction of this pollutant] by an average of 7 per cent over five years." But then the report suggests that hydrocarbon and nitrogen oxides standards for autos in these cities be virtually ignored. Under the proposed program, "hydrocarbons would be reduced only by 1 per cent and nitrogen oxides not at all." This is incredible! Both cities, although less smoggy than Los Angeles, have growing smog problems, and smog, as pointed out earlier, is a product of hydrocarbons and nitrogen oxides.

It appears that, in this recommendation, CRC is going along with an argument put forward in a recent report by the President's Office of Science and Technology. OST said that nitrogen oxides from power plants were already such an immense problem in New York City that there was really no point to going ahead with the costly auto emission controls for this pollutant; these controls, OST maintains, could not possibly bring nitrogen oxides within ambient air standards. The argument is specious: OST's own data show that nitrogen oxides from autos will, if controls are not imposed, amount to more than half of the amount which will cause this pollutant to exceed the standards. Moreover, the fact that the technology for abatement of the discharge from power plants is not yet in operation (though feasible) is no reason to let autos flout the law.

But even where nitrogen oxide levels do not violate air standards (which is generally the case in Washington, D.C.), there are still excellent reasons for reducing the nitrogen oxides that do exist. Relevant to this point is work done by three British scientists, D. H. F. Atkins, R. A. Cox and A. E. J. Eggleton of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment in Harwell, Berkshire. Reporting earlier this year in *Nature*, the three say, ". . . Oxidation of sulfur dioxide to sulfuric acid occurs at significant rates even with hydrocarbons and oxides of nitrogen typical of the levels occurring only in moderately polluted atmospheres." In other words, smog changes the corrosive sulfur dioxide to a substance even more corrosive, sulfuric acid, and it doesn't take much smog to do the trick. The three scientists could have been talking about precisely the cities where CRC proposes to ignore emission controls for the components of smog, and where, as it happens, power plants emit a high level of sulfur dioxide. No elaborate clinical or animal studies are necessary to prove how destructive sulfuric acid is to human tissue, and that is just one of innumerable possible synergisms among air pollutants. Although the data on many of the other chemi-

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cal reactions is still scanty, the British scientists have shown how essential it is to err on the side of caution.

The scientific evidence is no more encouraging on nitrogen oxides as specific pollutants in themselves. Joint observations by NASA and the University of California at Riverside of nitrogen oxides at aircraft altitudes—never measured before—show levels far higher than on the ground. Over California's Salinas Valley levels were ten times the amount allowed under ambient air standards, and researchers had to wear masks to protect themselves against the eye- and lung-searing, acrid brown nitrogen dioxide. "Drastic revision" of emission standards toward stricter, rather than more lenient, abatement is necessary, say U.C.'s Dr. James Pitts and NASA's Dr. Ronald Reinisch, the lead researchers. (Admitting that he was not aware of the U.C.-NASA work, Ruckelshaus' deputy administrator, Robert Fri, claimed at a June press conference that EPA's test procedures for nitrogen oxides had erred on the high side and that more lenient standards might be justified. Perhaps Fri should go on a flight over the Salinas Valley.)

The obvious reason for the Band-Aid approaches proposed by the cities and CRC (and at least tentatively accepted by EPA) is the growing recognition that any program even remotely approaching total control of either old or new auto emissions is unworkable. First, as OST points out, it costs too much; given the required 90 per cent reduction of nitrogen oxides from auto emissions, says the OST study, costs per automobile will be as high as $750. Second, the control devices are so delicate that they will not hold up in use. Speaking of the carbon monoxide controls, TRW project engineer Richard Koppang says: "An idle set 1 per cent richer than the specifications can almost completely negate the effectiveness of an [abatement] program." An annual inspection of every car is the most that financially hard-pressed cities can possibly afford (or car owners put up with), says the CRC report. As many drivers of current cars have discovered, one of the biggest headaches with existing emission controls is to keep the engine idling at the right speed; vibration or hard use can cause an alteration in idle setting in a whole lot less time than a year. And that is just one of a legion of problems. Another is that hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide controls *increase* nitrogen oxide emissions; Ruckelshaus admits that to date no one has come up with a workable, cost-effective way to meet the 1976 emission standards for nitrogen oxides.

Auto executives, arguing from their own point of view, have listed some of the other problems during the many hearings on auto emissions that have been held in the past eighteen months—and EPA and academic scientists generally acknowledge that the executives are substantially correct, despite their vested interest in making emission controls appear impossible. The fact is, they *are* impossible. S. L. Terry, a Chrysler vice president, testified that excessive heat from unburned fuel from the misfiring of a single spark plug could ruin a catalytic muffler. This much-discussed muffler is the most promising technology put forward so far for meeting the 1975 emission standards. In effect, it is a kind of after-burner which would render carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons harmless. The catalytic muffler is subject to other problems besides heat.

Ginbutt, London Telegraph

Ford says, for instance, that a single tankful of leaded gasoline in an automobile would "poison" the catalysts. Acknowledging this danger, EPA has proposed, incredibly, a system of matching service station pump nozzles and automobile filler spouts to prevent leaded gasoline (which will have to be available for some years for older, higher compression cars) from going into the wrong cars. (This Rube Goldberg scheme would not prevent a tank truck driver from accidentally putting leaded gasoline into a service station tank for unleaded gasoline and thus ruining *many* catalysts.) Another major problem is that emission controls will reduce gasoline mileage by 10 per cent or more. Clean cars, if achievable at all, will thus use more of our nonrenewable petroleum reserves, and will cause more oil spills and pollution from refineries.

And even if cities could set up workable inspection systems—which might cost $4 billion nationwide, according to witnesses at the hearings—and even if car owners were disposed to keep emission controls working between inspections, it is highly improbable that the auto maintenance business could manage the job. I attempted recently to have the relatively simple emission controls repaired on my 1968 Opel. I went to six garages before a mechanic would consent to look under the hood. ("We can't get parts for all these goddamned cars and their goddamned pollution controls, so we don't mess with 'em," said one.

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"But I'll take off the pollution control if you want me to; the car'll run better then anyway.") At a press conference, I outlined this experience to Ruckelshaus, who replied, rather enigmatically, "You're absolutely right." It sounds as though he has no illusions about the effectiveness of the controls or the possibility of keeping them in working order. It appears that for political reasons Ruckelshaus is shying away from the inevitable solution, which is to keep most cars out of many urban areas.

That such an approach *would* be cost effective has been almost ignored, because of the widespread opinion that the automobile is a cheap, convenient and desirably private way to get around in cities. In recent months, this popular wisdom, fostered by sixty years of auto company advertising, has been punctured. A National Academy of Engineering study released this spring says that direct costs of auto-dominated urban transportation systems in the United States amount to some $80 billion a year; the study suggests that indirect social costs may run as high. Although the study did not itself say so, one participant on the NAE panel, Herbert Hollomon of M.I.T., says a figure used for total costs in the discussions was *$1 per mile* of urban travel in the average automobile. That does not, presumably, take into account the costs of oil spills or the immense hazards of such oil company schemes as the proposed Trans-Alaska pipeline. The largest social cost of the automobile, of course, is the immobility of the millions of Americans who lack cars. K. Leroy Irvis, the majority leader of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, puts the figure at 78 million people.

Urban mass transit will be expensive, but many transportation experts say that once a majority of people in any given urban area are using it—so that it is operating efficiently—it consumes about one-twentieth the space per passenger mile that is demanded by an auto-dominated system. The figures are similar for energy consumption. Dr. William Vickrey, a Columbia University economist, speaking of the large hidden subsidies to the automobile (in social costs, for instance) puts it this way: "To provide the transit rider a subsidy per trip comparable to that enjoyed by the peak-hour motorist and thus to enable him to make a fair and unbiased choice between the two modes, it would be necessary not only to let the transit rider ride free but also to pay him a bonus."

It is, of course, impossible for Ruckelshaus or any other public official to declare that urban mass transit shall come into existence. But of all the agencies in government which deal with urban problems, EPA has the largest lever to begin to get the job done—the immensely strong clean air laws provided by Senator Muskie and the Congress. It appears, however, that political considerations are stopping Ruckelshaus from using the lever effectively. (A recent lower court decision that could conceivably force him into action holds that no degradation of air quality may occur even where ambient air goals are not being violated; but Ruckelshaus claims the decision applies only to the relatively few areas where air is of pristine quality.)

Proposals to ban autos could be dynamite for Democrats as well as Republicans, of course. The United Auto Workers is only slightly more enthusiastic about getting autos out of cities than are Detroit's Big Three. But Senator McGovern seemed to get a good response from California aerospace workers when he told them he wants them to have new, more secure jobs building urban mass transit. It is possible that many individual auto workers, including especially the disgruntled younger ones, would be receptive to a similar suggestion. □

'THE GREEDY WAR'

FRED J. COOK
Mr. Cook, a long-time contributor to The Nation, *is the author of many books, including the recently published* The Nightmare Decade: The Life and Times of Senator Joe McCarthy *(Random House).*

The most damning document to come out of the war in Vietnam has now struggled into the light in this election year. It was indeed a struggle: the disclosures were squelched for years by the highest arms of the American bureaucracy; the pith of the message was ignored by the Senate subcommittee, headed by Abraham Ribicoff, which exposed the PX scandals; the revelations were verified by one of *Life*'s top journalists—and pushed aside in favor of the incident on the bridge at Chappaquiddick; the truth set forth was too much for major American publishing houses, and in the end was published in Great Britain, coming to the American market on the rebound through the David McKay Company.

This bombshell is *The Greedy War*, a 278-page book written by the British journalist James Hamilton-Paterson and detailing the Vietnamese experiences of Cornelius Hawkridge, a dedicated anti-Communist who spent seven and a half horrible years in Russian and Hungarian prison camps before escaping to the United States. Hawkridge and Hamilton-Paterson call the war greedy and the contents of this book fully justify the epithet. Hawkridge was born in Transylvania, the son of a Hungarian mother and a British father, a colonel in the Hungarian police force. His passionate hatred of communism and the Russians led him into protests and guerrilla actions—and into those long years in prison. He came to America believing all the dogmas of the cold war and eager to aid as a security officer in what he considered a holy crusade.

The Dominican upheaval in 1965, in which Hawkridge could not find the Communists President Lyndon B. Johnson assured us we were opposing, was the first disillusionment. Then came Vietnam. Hawkridge's first day in the field there in 1966 was a shocker. He had his nose rubbed immediately in the stinking squalor of the refugee camps of Qui Nhon. More than 2,000 refugees were living in paper shacks built largely of discarded American packing

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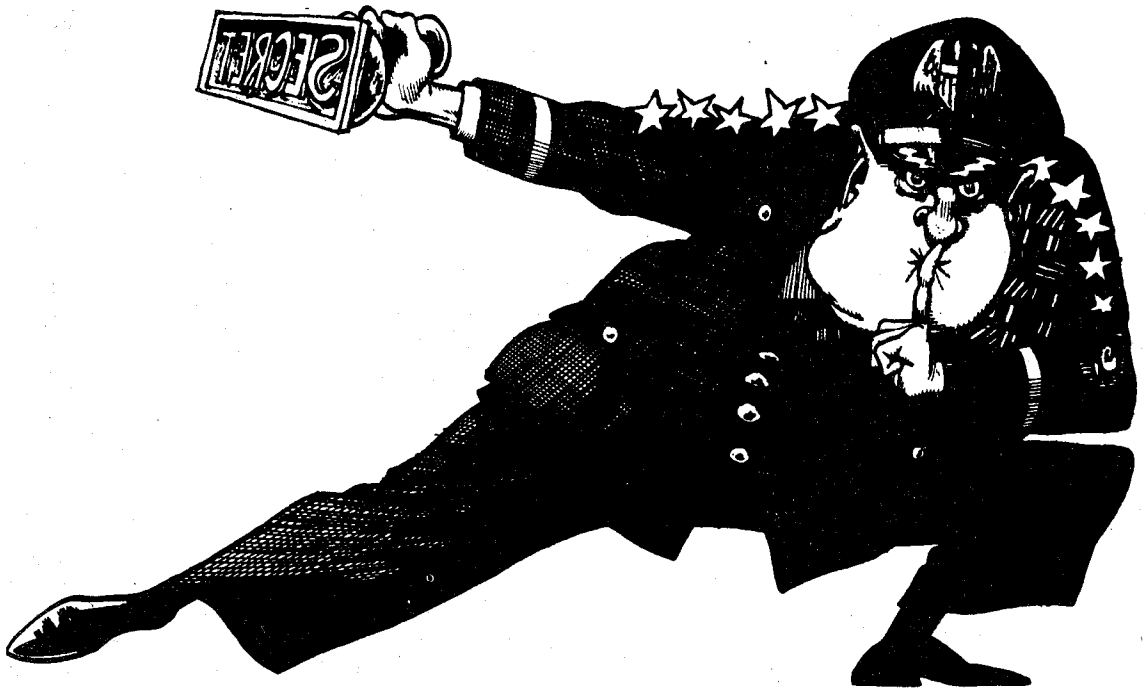

Peterson, Vancouver Sun (Canada)

cases. Three contaminated wells provided the only drinking water. There were no sanitary facilities. "The inmates defecated between the rows of paper homes and the slow seep of ordure crept up the pulp walls." Hawkridge asked a priest what had happened to all the USAID. "Stolen," the priest said simply. "It's taken by the Vietnamese Government."

Hawkridge soon discovered that virtually everything was being stolen. Only the smallest trickle of supplies and war matériel being shipped to Vietnam in such prodigious, multibillion-dollar amounts ever reached their intended destinations. The Qui Nhon marketplace, an area of a good-sized block next to the refugee camp, was stocked with "C-rations, K-rations, drink, clothing, guns, cannons, shells, cases of grenades, television sets, washing machines . . . the mounds seemed limitless." So Hamilton-Paterson writes describing Hawkridge's discoveries. "Wondering what limits there were he asked a Vietnamese stallholder whether he could buy a tank. Tanks are a bit difficult right now, this man admitted, but how about some armored personnel carriers? Or helicopters, of course. Or how about a heavy-duty truck?"

What the hell goes on?, Hawkridge thought. And he rushed to tell American authorities what he had found. They were bland, uninterested. Washington, in its holy-crusade delusion, had concluded agreements with the South Vietnamese that tied the hands of any security agent who tried to put an end to the national pastime—wholesale looting. Two provisions were critical: trucks could be driven only by South Vietnamese drivers; and only South Vietnamese police could make arrests. Even if an American security agent like Hawkridge trapped hijackers in the act, he was forbidden to lay a finger on them; he had to call in the South Vietnamese police. And when they arrived, they simply collaborated in the looting.

Here, in capsule form, are some of the things Hawkridge learned and some of his experiences:

¶South Vietnam all but sank into the sea under the weight of the tons of black-and-white television sets, radios, spin driers, untaxed diamonds and other commodities produced by a society of conspicuous consumption and shipped off to Vietnam to win what must be one of the most curious wars in history.

¶The port of Qui Nhon was clogged with shipping, a fleet that spread out to the horizon. Some of the ships waited for months to unload; meanwhile small boats plied out to them in the night and sometimes in the day; and so, when they finally reached a pier, some 60 per cent of their cargoes had vanished.

¶The United States shipped enough cement into South Vietnam to pave the entire nation, but there was a chronic shortage of cement to extend airfield runways and erect facilities. And the Vietcong always had a superabundance with which to build their individual bomb shelters.

¶On one occasion a truck containing several hundred TV sets was hijacked, tracked down in Tu Duc and turned over to the South Vietnamese police. Hawkridge went to reclaim this U.S. property, but was told he would have to get a Vietnamese driver to take the truck away. By the time he had found a driver, the truck had been stripped of its contents right in the police compound.

¶One night Hawkridge was following a hijacked truck, mystified because the Vietnamese were ripping open packages in disgust and tossing them into ditches at the roadside. Hawkridge kept stopping and picking up the packages. They were a consignment of aircraft parts for fighter squadrons at Bien Hoa. When Hawkridge arrived at the air base, he was hailed almost as a savior because several jets had been grounded for lack of spare parts.

¶Another time, Hawkridge chased a hijacked truck right into a compound belonging to the South Vietnamese Security Police. The panicked driver sped across the compound, forgetting there was a river on the other side, and braked to a halt at the last second with the front wheels

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of his truck hanging precariously over the river bank. Whereupon the South Vietnamese police from the veranda of the police station sprayed a hail of bullets at Hawkridge's pickup truck; and Hawkridge rolled out of the vehicle, grabbed his AK-47 rifle and swept the veranda with such a storm of fire that the police of our friendly ally fled for their lives.

¶In January and February 1967, Hawkridge's curiosity was aroused by the flights of light planes that came in nightly to Tan San Nhut, Saigon's airport. He sneaked up to one plane, snatched one of the small packets with which it was loaded, had its contents analyzed and found they were raw opium. He discovered that a lot of the drug traffic was being handled by Air America, the Central Intelligence Agency's "private airline."

¶And everywhere there was a colossal currency manipulation. For a premium, Indian money-changers were glad to convert Military Payment Certificates, intended for use at PXs on American bases, into dollars; then the dollars could be converted into more MPC's, these again into dollars in a never-ending round. Hawkridge tested the system by kiting $1,000 into $5,000 in one day; he traced his canceled checks to a bank in Hong Kong completely owned by Chinese, an indication that some proceeds were being siphoned off into China. Finally, one of the Indian money-changers admitted to him, proudly and a bit shyly, that his family was among the richest in the world, now worth $2 billion—and if the war would only continue for a few years longer, his family would be *the* richest.

That is only a sampling of the disclosures in *The Greedy War*. Perhaps never in history has a major power, itself riddled with corruption and afflicted with decadence, been so thoroughly taken to the cleaners by Asian past masters of corruption and decadence. Cornelius Hawkridge, the dedicated anti-Communist, followed the spoor of hijacked goods and war matériel clear across Vietnam to the Cambodian border, and he came to one inevitable conclusion: all of the military's talk about bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail to cut off supplies to the south was poppycock. The Vietcong could and did get everything it needed right out of Saigon and South Vietnam, because the kindly Americans were supplying both sides in this war.

Incredulous, desperate, Hawkridge tried to stir the lethargic American eagle to action. There were 5,000 CIA agents in Vietnam; military police and military intelligence agents swarmed in their additional, unnumbered thousands. It was impossible for us *not* to know what was happening. But to make certain we *did* know, Hawkridge bombarded the whole chain of command with a stream of letters documenting his discoveries point by point. His letters flowed into the American Embassy in Saigon, into Gen. William C. Westmoreland's office, into the State and Defense Departments in Washington. For years, this went on; and no one, on any level, ever indicated that the mail had been delivered.

After all of this, Senator Ribicoff's subcommittee bestirred itself early in 1970. Hawkridge, crippled from a car accident, suffered after he returned to the States, testified in secret session for hours. Committee aides became impatient because he insisted on detailing the full story of a totally corrupted war. This, obviously, was a dish too redolent to set before the American public; it might have blown some persons' minds. And so Hawkridge was never called at the public hearings.

Still Hawkridge persisted. He got *Life* interested in his story; and in 1970 the magazine sent Hawkridge and Frank McCulloch, former head of its Saigon bureau and one of its most respected journalists, out to South Vietnam to see if conditions were still as bad as Hawkridge had found them earlier. Hawkridge soon learned that nothing had changed. Qui Nhon was just as it had been in 1966, its refugee camps just as sordid, its markets crammed with looted American goods of every description, its money-changers doing business larger than ever.

McCulloch at first got a different picture. He was received warmly by Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and other high American brass. They fed him the official line: yes, it was true matters in Vietnam had gotten a little out of hand a few years previously; security had not always been perfect; a few unscrupulous individuals had taken advantage. But the American high command had been fully aware of these deficiencies; it was taking vigorous action; matters had been corrected, and the situation was much better now. It was such a good snow job that McCulloch came away convinced.

Then Hawkridge took him in tow, introduced him to "black market alley" in Saigon, demonstrated the technique of the money-changers, and then went on to the Property Disposal Office. Here there were literally acres of land crammed with a mountain of American vehicles that had been stolen, wrecked, stripped of all disposable parts. Crushed trucks, tanks, armored personnel carriers were stacked in "a gigantic graveyard of the taxpayers' money." McCulloch climbed on the mountain of twisted steel and said: "It's the damnedest thing I've ever seen."

He and Hawkridge returned to the United States and composed an exposé that should have shattered the last vestiges of national complacency. Their article was shown in advance to Senator Ribicoff and praised by him. But then came Chappaquiddick, and *Life* became more interested in burying the political future of Teddy Kennedy than in exposing the corrupted war in Vietnam. McCulloch came to Hawkridge "haggard and depressed." Of the article, he said: "It's been butchered. . . . Huge chunks have been cut out and what's left is as bloodless as a decapitated corpse. . . . I've a good mind to take my name off it: that's not my work any longer. Everyone will think I've been pussyfooting."

Still determined to get the truth to the American public, Hawkridge approached the book publishers. The head of one large house was ecstatic; there was talk of a $15,000 advance—but in a day or two, everything changed; this enthusiastic publishing house suddenly wanted nothing to do with Hawkridge. This experience was repeated, and repeated again, until Hawkridge became convinced that America's supposedly free press was too craven to handle his story. So he went to England and got his book published there. It comes to us now as a ricochet from over the water—with an introduction written by Frank McCulloch himself. This is more than a book; it is a national document. And, if it is read widely enough, officials all the way up to the White House level will be squirming for years. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Founding Righteousness on Reason

A THEORY OF JUSTICE. *By John Rawls. Harvard University Press. 607 pp. $15. Paper $3.95.*

HUGO ADAM BEDAU
Mr. Bedau is professor of philosophy at Tufts University. He is the editor, most recently, of Justice and Equality.

Insofar as liberalism is not merely a tired political slogan but a viable political philosophy, it rests upon the transcendental value of freedom—religious, political, economic and other social freedoms. But a single-valued liberalism, which repudiates all other values or else tries to derive them from freedom alone, has rarely if ever been defended. Instead, liberalism has tended to supplement its axiomatic commitment to freedom with the acknowledgement of other ideals, notably equality, social justice, civil liberties and human rights. This familiar pluralism of liberal values, even as it has commanded the loyalty of many, has been the source of much philosophical perplexity.

Some liberal theorists have been led to accept an ultimate plurality of moral and political principles, and even to abandon any attempt to reconcile the divergent and incoherent results of their several first principles. Others, notably the utilitarians, have contemptuously rejected this sort of pluralistic liberalism. Versions of utilitarianism abound, but all share the view that moral and political principles —including the value of freedom itself— are sound only to the degree to which compliance with them secures, in the famous phrase of Bentham and Mill, "the greatest good of the greatest number." The trouble with utilitarian liberalism has always been the facility with which it rationalizes the sacrifice of freedom. Consider the "balancing" formula which the Supreme Court uses to establish the limits of individual freedom when it conflicts with administrative necessities of government. Or the "cost/benefit ratios" invoked by Pentagon intellectuals on behalf of far-reaching foreign policy decisions. When the Supreme Court balances your right to burn a draft card against the government's need to have each registrant duly ticketed, your right loses out. When the advisers to the President calculate, as the Pentagon Papers reveal they did, the costs of defeat for the Saigon government against the benefits of its preservation, peasants all over Indochina are killed and maimed by the tens of thousands.

There is no guarantee that a nonutilitarian liberalism can avoid rationalizing such policies, or that a scrupulous and accurate utilitarianism must defend them. What is clear is that utilitarian liberalism cannot avoid acting on these kinds of calculations even when they violate civil, political and human rights and suppress personal and social freedoms. For the utilitarian, and thus for the liberal whose first principle is the Principle of Utility, nothing weighs in the scales of law, economics and social policy except the welfare of all concerned. Since the general welfare is simply a complex product of individual welfares, everything hinges on calculating the effects on individuals of alternative policies. For the resolute utilitarian, existing rights and liberties are never more than a first approximation to the correct assessment of social welfare. No abstract right—not even the right to be let alone, much less the right to be respected as a person—can stay the reorganization of society in the endless pursuit of the more efficient production of the general welfare. Accordingly, it is this form of liberalism which has always fueled the dreams of policy makers. It should serve as a permanent warning that the founding father of utilitarianism, Jeremy Bentham, openly preferred the political rule of benign despots to that of constitutional democrats.

Apart from liberalism of the pluralistic variety, the classic alternative to utilitarianism has always been contractarianism. However, as a comprehensive moral theory struggling for the soul of liberalism, contractarianism long ago was counted out. Locke's philosophy, usually credited with being the major source of contractarian thought, never recovered from its critique by Hume and Bentham. Locke's theory of the state of nature, the equal liberty of all men, human rights and individual consent as the basis of legal and political obligation—summed up in the famous doctrine of "the social contract"—has had few defenders in the past century. Other notable contractarians, such as Hobbes, Rousseau and Kant, are rarely thought to have avoided or repaired the damage inflicted on Locke by the utilitarians. Wistful rhetoric and ritual invocations of contractarian language and sentiments should not mislead us. The philosophy of liberalism has for a long time been entrusted to others.

Anyone who carefully threads his way through the 600 pages of John Rawls's masterful treatise and who absorbs his intricate argument is bound to conclude that all this is about to be changed. Historically, the weakest structural concept in the framework of liberalism has always been the concept of distributive justice. Now, Rawls has offered a theory of justice in the service of the liberal tradition which adds this keystone to the philosophical arch never fully completed by his predecessors. His continuous and supple argument shows how contractarianism is not only able to avoid all its textbook faults, but also is superior by every rational criterion to the currently dominant pluralistic and utilitarian versions of liberalism. As a work of close and original scholarship in the service of the dominant moral and political ideology of our civilization, Rawls's treatise is simply without a rival.

Several distinct virtues in this book set it apart from the work of every other recent moral and political philosopher. One is Rawls's grasp of the literature of social science. We must return to Keynes, Sidgwick or John Stuart Mill himself for a parallel. The complete absence of pedantry and polemic in the volume, along with the absence of inconclusive arguments based on armchair speculation concerning the meanings of key ethical terms, are in refreshing contrast to much recent writing. Few major books in moral philosophy in this century have been so sparing of semantic maneuvers as is Rawls's treatise. This alone should recommend it to the large audience which has never been persuaded that the so-called "linguistic turn in philosophy" was a turn for the better.

What fixes Rawls's theory in the contractarian version of the liberal tradition is not the notion of any hypothetical "covenant" of all men to form society, nor of any actual compact of self-government such as those made on the *Mayflower* in 1620 and at Philadelphia in 1787. "Contract," in fact, has no entry in the elaborate index to Rawls's book, nor does "consent." Nor is it only that Rawls conceives of man's nature along the lines made familiar by the great contractarian thinkers of the 17th and 18th centuries, and thus like them begins with an unshakable assumption of the moral

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equality of all persons. The theory is contractarian because it accords a place for freedom, rights and consent unlike that allowed by any alternative theory and tradition in political philosophy. Consequently, for Rawls, the authority of the principles of justice, the autonomy of the persons subject to these principles, and the choice of (and thus consent to) these principles as the inevitable result of rational choice are inextricably woven together. In short, it is Rawls's contention that the principles of justice are what they are because free and rational persons would choose no other principles to shape their common life. This is the major thesis of his book.

Rawls expresses the principles of justice in their most elementary form in this way: "Each person is to have an equal right to the most extensive basic liberty compatible with a similar liberty for others," and "Social and economic inequalities are to be arranged so that they are both (*a*) reasonably expected to be to everyone's advantage, and (*b*) attached to positions and offices open to all." The briefest way to describe Rawls's book is to say that it consists of a painstaking explanation of these two principles, and the proof that thoughtful but not overly generous persons would, if they were rational, choose to base all the policies and institutions of their society upon these principles in preference to any alternatives, and in particular, in preference to any form of utilitarianism which would allow men to bargain away their equal basic liberty.

As Rawls's two principles of justice show, liberalism is not radically egalitarian because it is not an attack on every social inequality. Instead, it places all structural (as distinct from happenstance) social inequalities under a special burden of proof. In most actual societies, including our own, many of these most pervasive inequalities—in education, employment, social services—are unjust, and Rawls's analysis shows why. After all, these inequalities cannot in fact be reasonably expected to work out to the advantage of the most disadvantaged among us. How, for example, is the poorest ghetto dweller better off thanks to the system of oil depletion allowances which benefit directly only a wealthy few? Therefore, these inequalities cannot be held to work out for the advantage of everyone; therefore, they are unjust.

A partial remedy, and one which Rawls incorporates into an elaborate model of a constitutionally just society, is a system of transfers of wealth. A rough approximation to this transfer scheme may be found in the tax reforms recently proposed by Senator McGovern. Of course, liberals for decades have advocated such compensatory practices. They underlie the movement throughout Anglo-European civilization away from mere charity for the poor and toward the Welfare State. Rawls's contribution is simply to have thought through these intuitions in their most general form and to have laid bare their abstract moral structure once and for all.

One cannot hope to convey in a few paragraphs here the subtlety and sheer magnitude of the achievement Rawls has provided in *A Theory of Justice*. And it would be the plainest folly to attempt criticism in this space. Those present at the colloquium on Rawls's theory, held this past spring at Yale and sponsored by the Society for Philosophy and Public Affairs, had a convincing demonstration of how difficult it is to sustain telling objections to Rawls's argument. Perhaps something more fundamental may emerge from the special symposium on Rawls scheduled for this December in Boston at the annual meeting of the American Philosophical Association. Certainly, the only published criticisms so far (those in *The New York Review of Books* this past February and in *The New York Times Book Review* last month) are not very persuasive.

A Theory of Justice has not brought moral and political philosophy to an end, even if it has advanced the general theory of liberalism further than any other book in recent memory. In time, utilitarians and Marxists, and perhaps other contractarians, will develop fruitful objections to Rawls's work. Marxism, it should be noted in passing, hardly makes any appearance in Rawls's discussion at all, and this will perplex some readers. The reason it is ignored is that Rawls regards Marxism either as a distant variant of utilitarianism or as a social philosophy which, as Marx himself once intimated, has no place for principles of justice or any other moral principles because all of them are irretrievably class concepts, a view Rawls never directly criticizes but obviously rejects. For the present, the chief task for all those who fancy themselves theoreticians in jurisprudence, political economy and social thought generally is to absorb Rawls's theory and then to extend and confirm it in the many detailed ways he has indicated still remain to be done.

In this connection, the spring of 1972 should not go unmarked by future historians of American intellectual life. That was the season when the National Book Award for Philosophy and Religion did *not* go (to use the confident language of the Awards advertisements) to our "most distinguished book of 1971." Along with nine other books, *A Theory of Justice* was at least honored with a nomination. Yet there cannot be many years in which an entry in any award category so clearly outshone its competition as did Rawls's book. Fortunately, this is one error of judgment, not to say an injustice, which the unqualified esteem of serious readers everywhere will promptly rectify. □

The Men at Yale

DEAN ACHESON. *By Gaddis Smith. Cooper Square Publishers. 473 pp. $11.50.*

BRUCE KUKLICK
Mr. Kuklick is associate professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of American Policy and the Division of Germany *(Cornell University Press)* and Josiah Royce *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

For twenty-five years until his retirement in 1960 Samuel Flagg Bemis was professor of history at Yale and *doyen* of the first generation of the American school of diplomatic historians. Although thorough and productive scholarship, the distinctive feature of Bemis' work is its pugnacious chauvinism. To the Yale undergraduates who heard his lectures on American foreign relations, he was known as Sam "Wave the Flag" Bemis; after 1945, as a leading academic cold warrior, Bemis purveyed his patriotic interpretation of the past to the second generation of American diplomatic historians in his influential graduate seminar.

Gaddis Smith succeeded Bemis at Yale. In 1960 he seemed certain to follow in the correct path of his predecessor. A Yale undergraduate who went on to take his Ph.D. with Bemis, Smith wrote in his dissertation that he was incapable of expressing his gratitude toward his mentor. In 1965—the same year that Gar Alperovitz, in *Atomic Diplomacy*, accused the Americans of using the atomic bomb to coerce the Russians—Smith published his first important book. He began *American Diplomacy During the Second World War* by stressing again his debt to Bemis; and then proceeded to argue that Franklin Roosevelt's idealistic foreign policy resulted in "well-meaning appeasement" of the Russians.

But times have changed. In a series of reviews appearing in *The New York*

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Times over the past few years Smith has moved cautiously and agonizingly to the left, praising the books of "revisionist" historians and criticizing the work of their opponents. A few months ago he was arrested in Washington in an anti-Vietnamese War demonstration. Smith is a prominent young historian; because he teaches some of Yale's annual 1,000 leaders, it is even possible that what he says may affect future American diplomacy. His long delayed biography, *Dean Acheson,* is the latest volume in the series, "The American Secretaries of State and Their Diplomacy." Given to what one diplomatic historian has called "lickspittle" treatment of recent U.S. policy makers, the volumes are a vehicle of the conservative elite of diplomatic history. Many historians have wondered how Smith would treat Acheson, the most powerful Secretary of State of the modern era and architect of American cold-war strategy. Would Smith become an academic parricide and plunge a symbolic dagger into Bemis, once editor of the series, now its aging advisory editor? Or was the publishing delay a sign that Smith was reverting to type and would use the occasion to issue a defense of the cold war, of all that Bemis stood for? To both questions the answer is No. Smith, it turns out, is no *agent provocateur* for the revisionists, and the central failure of the book is a failure to deal directly with the issues they raise. But *Dean Acheson* is nonetheless a major work in recent American history that will rightfully be regarded as the standard treatment of Acheson, replacing Acheson's own self-serving *Present at the Creation.* Smith's book is a judicious and fair-minded appraisal; more important, it demonstrates that, at last, even at Yale, a thoughtful and critical approach can be taken to the study of U.S. foreign policy.

Smith subtly illuminates how Acheson's background and personality reinforced the view of the world that gave his diplomacy coherence. The son of an Episcopal bishop born and raised in England, Acheson was educated at Yale; at the Harvard Law School he learned to work hard and think precisely. As a successful corporate lawyer during the interwar years, he valued efficiency, productive mental effort and practical intelligence. The result of these forty-five years of experience was a life guided by a set of assumptions reflecting the civilized decencies of upper-class existence: a sense of the public responsibility of the righteous, well-born and able, and a concomitant taste for the exercise of power; a conservative estimate of man's capacity for achieving social harmony; a contempt for the ability of the masses to understand complex political issues, and an equal trust that they knew and respected their betters; a distaste for contemplation and a suspicion of contemplative men; and finally a supremely arrogant belief in the superiority of his own Anglophile perspective.

In the widest sense Acheson's diplomacy developed from a romantic view of 19th-century Britain that complemented his personal principles. During that golden age, disciplined and knowing men of action enforced worldwide law

Three Poems by Paul Celan

New Translations by Michael Hamburger

TENEBRAE

We are near, Lord,
near and at hand.

Handled already, Lord,
clawed and clawing as though
the body of each of us were
your body, Lord.

Pray, Lord,
pray to us,
we are near.

Wind-awry we went there,
went there to bend
over hollow and ditch.

To be watered we went there, Lord.

It was blood, it was
what you shed, Lord.

It gleamed.

It cast your image into our eyes, Lord.
Our eyes and our mouths are open and empty, Lord.

We have drunk, Lord.
The blood and the image that was in the blood, Lord.

Pray, Lord.
We are near.

FROM DARKNESS TO DARKNESS

You opened your eyes—I saw my darkness live.
I see through it down to the bed:
there too it is mine and lives.

Is that a ferry? Which, crossing, awakens?
Whose light can it be at my heels
For a boatman to appear?

TO MY RIGHT

To my right—who? The deathwoman.
And you, to my left, you?

The travelling-sickles at the extra-
celestial place
mime themselves whitish-grey
into moon swallows,
into star swifts,

I dip to that place
and pour an urnfull
down you
into you.

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and order and received the grateful thanks of most of the globe; the collapse of the British Empire, Acheson believed, imposed similar responsibilities on the United States. His ideals prescribed steadfast and unwavering policy, scornful of the doubting and irresolute. From 1939 on he worked to restore the nearly ideal world of the 19th century, although by the late 1940s it was clear that Great Britain would not even share with America in the new *pax*.

Smith skillfully suggests how these personal traits and the overall historical vision they supported shaped Acheson's diplomacy. Once he had decided that the Soviet Union was bent on expansion, Acheson adopted a policy to which he adhered unswervingly. Emphasizing the creation of situations of strength, he built up a Western bloc—led by the United States in close contact with Britain—that used force to "contain" the Russians. All of the policies that defined Acheson's tenure flowed from this containment premise: the establishment of NATO, the decision to build the H-bomb, the response to the invasion of South Korea, the push for the rearmament of Germany, and the acceptance of an enormous defense budget that militarized foreign policy. Smith gives a negative judgment of only one of these many policies —aiding the French in Indochina was Acheson's "most avoidable" error; but Smith also indicates that the ground of other possible criticism lies in the assumptions governing Acheson's actions. His disdain for the people's intelligence may have led him to muster support for his policies by using an anti-Communist rhetoric to which he soon fell victim himself. Thereafter, his incapacity for reflection made him dismiss George Kennan's pleas for a more discriminating diplomacy. His reliance on force and his fascination with military power perhaps prevented him from negotiating a Korean truce swiftly. And his self-righteousness made it impossible for him to take seriously what may have been Russian hints for a détente.

Smith's book is inadequate in trying to relate Acheson's personal exercise of power to the history of American diplomacy since 1939. This may be due to the nature of the series of which *Dean Acheson* is a part—it focuses on the policies of individual men; but I suspect it is due more to the lingering influence of Bemis. Smith is still unable to analyze critically the social and economic context within which American foreign policy is made. One does not have to agree with the revisionists that the global expansion of the values of American capitalism has been crucial to U.S. diplomacy since Pearl Harbor; but at least one must confront the massive body of evidence and interpretation they have put forward.

Acheson and those around him, Smith writes, were fundamentally driven by Hitler's ghost. From 1945 onward, with Stalin cast as Hitler, Acheson relived the 1930s, his sole purpose being to prevent another Munich. And so for the generation of diplomats from World War II to the present. Smith is to be congratulated for weaving this specific psychological and historical insight into the texture of his book; nowhere is it more compelling than when he demonstrates that the "Germany first" strategy of World War II was paralleled in the cold war by the concentration on European problems and the relative neglect of Japan and Asia. But this insight alone has a limited explanatory power. Smith does not examine worldwide American economic interests during this period at all, and barely mentions the desire of the United States for increased trade as "secondary." One gets the feeling that Hitler was only an aberrant psychic phenomenon and that the American response to him had nothing to do with the entrenchment of the United States in an international commercial and political order. Yet Smith contends that the factor on which he lays so much stress was not unique to Acheson but shared by everyone. The unexplored, indeed unasked, questions are how this image of the past was linked to the demands of the postwar political economy, and to what extent the policy demanded by this image merely served the needs of American capitalism. For liberals who grew up under the shadow of Hitler and the Red menace these are painful questions—conceptually and emotionally—to ask; they are even more painful if you have been taught that sound scholarship implies a narrow and militant conception of patriotism. □

'As a Stranger Give it Welcome'

THE STRANGER IN SHAKESPEARE. *By Leslie Fiedler. Stein & Day. 263 pp. $7.95.*

CHARLES MOLESWORTH
Mr. Molesworth teaches English at Queens College. He has published poetry and criticism in Salmagundi, Poetry, Centennial Review *and* Genre.

Coming as it does after his two-volume *Collected Essays,* Leslie Fiedler's book on Shakespeare can be read in two quite distinct ways. The book may be regarded as epiphenomenal, an outgrowth of his previous theories, assumptions and fixations about American literature, extended back into the Elizabethan past. In other words, it might serve as little more than a rag with which to wipe the ankles of our greatest literary monument. On the other hand, it could be read as the author's most important critical statement, a bold book about the boldest of artists, in which everything the critic holds most dear is thrown into the battle, tried by fire. In his preface Fiedler speaks of writing this book in order to keep a twenty-year-old promise to himself. He asks us, in other words, to consider the book as if it were his major work, the final fruit of a lifetime's exploration of himself and the literary texts he finds most challenging. Though it is very probably not his final work, I think we must try to read the book as if it were, since it is a book marked with, indeed made out of, a man's obsessions.

Current mythographers as diverse as Lévi-Strauss and Northrup Frye implicitly argue that myth making is a socially creative activity. Fiedler agrees with that view to a large extent, but his own work raises its most serious questions when it deals with the way in which an individual author reshapes and transforms the communal archetypes. (See, for example, his key essay, "Archetype and Signature.") Since *Love and Death in the American Novel* Fiedler has been a declared Freudian critic, but only as that species has been redefined by the theories of D. H. Lawrence. Lawrence once said that an author sheds his sickness in his books, and this statement may be taken as the touchstone of Fiedler's work. His book on Shakespeare is certainly no exception to this, since what emerges from it is a picture of Shakespeare haunted by his own erotic mythology.

The "stranger" of the book's title is any person who lives at the extreme edge of the communal bond, and survives by staying in touch with his own deepest, most personal energies. More often than not, he or she doesn't survive, but Shakespeare gives them every opportunity to speak fully and honestly of their burdens before they are snuffed out. Neither "odd man out" nor spoilsport, though similar to these previously discussed Shakespeare types, the stranger that Fiedler envisions is a "borderline figure," escaping definition as either hero or villain. Examples include women in *Henry VI*, the Jew in *Merchant of Venice*, the Moor in *Othello*, and Caliban in *The Tempest*. These four plays are the main area of exploration in the book,

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but Fiedler includes comparisons of characters and plots, and the examination of archetypes and motifs, from many other plays as well.

But before presenting the chapters that deal with the four plays mentioned, Fiedler draws up the terms of his argument by an examination of the *Sonnets*. More exactly, and more problematically, he examines the sexual imagination of Shakespeare as it is embodied in five of the more controversial sonnets: numbers 20, 27, 138, 144 and 146. Dealing with the formulas of courtly love, homosexuality, Christian dogma, and the stage conventions which had young boys acting female roles, this chapter presents us with a psycho-biographical sketch of the Bard which is by turns outrageous, cerebral, tenuous, convincing, and finally even a touch condescending. The culminating image of this panorama of polymorphous longings is presented as the "untainted boy betrayed into the embrace of a gonorrheal whore." To make matters more curious, Fiedler suggests that Shakespeare was most animated, and most driven, in writing the *Sonnets* by the fear that he himself was the betrayer.

It is in many ways the most challenging chapter in the book, combining Freudian assumptions with shreds of literary history, invoking archetypes and presenting insights, as well as engaging in close textual analysis of puns and etymologies. Setting the mood and the mode of the rest of the book, this opening chapter disdains the manner of most previous criticism (there are no notes, for example), and is quick to draw on modern problems to demonstrate, not Shakespeare's "relevance," but our continued enslavement by the darknesses folded into every corner of the text and our own imaginations. Idolatry of the Bard may never be the same, and I shudder to think how the high school literature curriculum might be "modified" if any of our public educators were to take this book seriously.

It might be unsettling, for example, when in later chapters we are asked to consider Portia a witch or Iago a court jester, for such identifications are indeed made by Fiedler, and are never far from the sinuosities of his argument. Certainly one of the book's major rewards, however, comes when it presents a stunning rereading of *The Merchant of Venice* in which all the pious shibboleths and liberal evasions masking that play are cast aside. Equally provocative is Fiedler's notion of *Othello* as a one-act comedy followed by a four-act tragedy. This is topped off with a suggestion that a single actor play both Othello and Iago, since it seems that Iago never tells Othello anything that the Moor has not already suggested to himself. The two men are, finally, equivalent: "Rejected, the fool [Iago] first turns 'foul,' making explicit the implicit pun, then becomes the other antonym of 'fair,' which is to say black. Meanwhile, the black prince has turned first 'fair,' then, in an unforeseen reversal, has become the fool."

Such speculation about the psychological structures of the various plays can be assimilated easily enough into the gargantuan bulk of commentary on Shakespeare, since his characters will always be seen differently within and across generations. But Fiedler has other, more centrifugal remarks to make about the plays. For example, he says of *The Tempest* that the "whole history of imperialist America has been prophetically revealed to us in brief parable." Always pressing us to see ourselves as the heirs of Shakespeare's imagination, Fiedler believes that the body of mythic material the playwright used for his personal designs is still the one with which we must make our own unsure way. Those who were strangers to Shakespeare remain outcasts today; at least they serve the artistic imagination as such, even if humanistic pieties insist that things have improved. It is a dark version of an even darker vision.

But for Fiedler the darkness of Shakespeare's vision did not come fully drawn. It developed, to put it sketchily, from the homoerotic anti-feminism of the *Sonnets* and *Love's Labours Lost*, the problem of marriage and infidelity in *Othello*, to the redemptively pure passion of Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest*. (Fiedler does not treat the whole corpus; he makes only the briefest comments on *Hamlet*. In fact he calls for a moratorium on discussion of that play until we can "avoid repeating ourselves.")

Threaded throughout his erotic mythology, however, is one of the darkest images that continued to fascinate and repel Shakespeare, that of father-daughter incest. Fiedler sees evidence of this in *Pericles*, where it is obvious, in the much earlier *Merchant of Venice* where it is not, but also in middle and late tragedies like *Othello, Hamlet* and *Lear*, in each of which, he says, "a lovely daughter brings to death an overfond father." Like the young boy and old whore theme, there are many variations rung on this particular perversion, and because it remains repressed it not only disguises itself but transforms other sexual myths as well.

Such libidinal contortions can lead Fiedler to a postulate like this one:

> The ogre . . . stands for the evil father, who seeks to swallow his own son, thus ingesting the male strength he has sired lest it destroy him. But . . . the ogre-father, unwilling to yield his privileges to anyone, seeks also to become his own son-in-law by keeping his natural daughter for himself. The twin threat of the ogre is, therefore, . . . cannibalism to the son and incest to the daughter.

This sort of mythic prestidigitation occurs again and again in Fiedler, and what is perhaps most remarkable about it is not the rhetorical aplomb with which it is presented but the way its endless development never seems merely circuitous or arbitrary. Throughout the book he asks us with a straight face to accept nearly preposterous suppositions, only to come eventually to an unarguable maxim. His own obsessions everywhere shape the book, and fables about family relationships, social pariahs and self-deceit arise to qualify and contradict one another. Fiedler's critical practice, whatever one might say about his theory, is thoroughly pragmatic; he is always willing to deal with the obvious, but he is always in search of the truly mysterious. This book, shameless as it is in proposing the unacceptable, comes back again and again to insist on how simple is the terror of our ignorance.

Such convolutions, divisions and permutations of mythic tales and figures are difficult for some people to take seriously in the abstract. They seem like half-truths about what are, after all, we keep telling ourselves, the lies and fears of children. Fiedler's use of them seems to me to be quite serious on the one hand, but on the other to be simply the only means he has to maintain a serious critical attitude toward his subject. This is especially true when the subject is so complex, rich and frightening as Shakespeare's total work. In fact, there is something peculiarly appropriate about Fiedler's approach, a propriety he no-

ABANDONED FARM

Tired land
timid land
of hopeless foottracks

Wind through sandspurs
wind through cockleburs

Old land
of bare boards
and sorrow
Land
of the squeaky pump's
forlornness

Land of blown away shingles
and thin horseshoes

Wind over bedsprings
Gusts through the gum trees

Duane Locke

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where claims for himself, but one which finally vindicates his book. That is, to put it most simply, that Shakespeare's art, however much the product of genius, must have received some of its sustaining energy by tapping sources hidden even from him. It is, as many of his idolators have put it, as if he wrote beyond all rules, wrote as if he were nature itself speaking fitfully in fables, fairy fales, vulgar errors and misremembered truths. Myth is, after all, the lie we tell ourselves so that we may come closer to the truth.

Fiedler has created for himself, and for us if we care to join him, just such a mythic figure in Shakespeare himself, which is to say a Shakespeare created out of partial truths, but nonetheless integral and real. He has been able to do this because he understands, in part, the true source of Shakespeare's lies. Such "lies" are in most cases the work of an obsessed person. And they bear more than a faint analogy to literary criticism, at least as it is practiced by our most indispensable critics. It was Anatole France, I'm told, who asked the critic to admit, "I'm going to talk about myself apropos of Shakespeare." And who can tell the complete truth when he speaks on that subject? Any sensitive reader feels himself, as he enters those dark places of Cyprus, or Venice or Elsinore, not to mention those darker ones of Othello, Shylock or Hamlet, that he is in many ways an outsider, forced to lie in order to maintain a plausible texture to his presence there. He can construct many alibis for himself, clutch at many partial recognitions, but at bottom he feels as if the places belong to someone else. They do, of course, and this book is a brilliant but refracted glimpse of their proprietor, the only person, perhaps, who was not a stranger to them. □

Un-American All Those Years

THIRTY YEARS OF TREASON: Excerpts from Hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. *Edited by Eric Bentley. The Viking Press. 991 pp. $20.*

JOHN BRIGHT
Mr. Bright is a veteran screen writer who has just completed a novel about Hollywood in the 1930s and 1940s, Worms in a Winecup, *dealing in part with the events that are the subject of this review.*

When the cold war became hot in Korea and hotter in Vietnam, it was imperative that the wells of domestic discontent be poisoned. As Bentley puts it, "Big Brother is not of 1984, he's been watching us for some time. Some think his name is Hoover. In which case his Little Brother is HUAC."

Although the House Committee was not sired by Martin Dies until 1938, it had its modern precedent in the Palmer-Burleson assaults upon American freedom in 1919, stimulated by the Bolshevik Revolution and the resurgence of the IWW here. Red herrings would not be marketable without some evidence of Red success. Also, inquisitions are characteristic of any status quo a-tremble—from the first simian who violated the tribal ground rules by standing erect, to Alger Hiss standing up to Richard Nixon.

But unless Eric Bentley were to do the dark underside of civilization in general, he had to be arbitrary about focus and emphasis. In *Thirty Years of Treason* he has zeroed in on HUAC, and done a superb job of selection and editing, giving just attention to all the animals in the zoo: the wolves, jackals, rabbits and squirrels—and the lions. His editorial interpolations (except for those noted below) are equally judicious. Informers and redbaiters are awarded equal time with the defiant ones, who are here granted a freedom of expression denied them in Washington.

Mr. Bentley's accent is upon the personalities of the theatrical profession, not only because that is his own field but because the hearings themselves were calculatedly theatrical, "a side show to lure the customers into the main tent." So he begins with the attack upon the Federal Theatre Project, and the New Deal's Hallie Flanagan on the spit. (No one so spitted ever emerged so uncooked and so dignified.) From there he moves to Broadway and Hollywood, where the essential story of the book takes place.

It was a parade of nervous celebrities, of great variety of knowledge and ignorance, courage and fear, ambivalence and assurance—with everyone, including each of the inquisitors, seeming to have a different attitude toward the bizarre proceedings. All were confronting realities beyond their experience, and hence had no conventional, prepared responses to fall back on.

There were the guilt-beset informers—renegade Communists—anxious to get back to the trough, or at least off the hook. (In calm contrast were the informers by vocation, the hired investigators who told of their findings crisply, without stuttering; their tasks were as impersonal as those of the bombers of Hanoi. Unlike the turncoats of Hollywood and Broadway they had no nagging of conscience to give them pause. They were technicians.) Then there were those, like Larry Parks and John Garfield, who collapsed between two rickety moral stools. (A devastating body count of HUAC's victims introduces this section, excerpted from *Inquisition in Eden,* by Alvah Bessie, one of the imprisoned Hollywood Ten.)

Given primary billing by the committee were Hollywood's pooh-bahs of anti-communism: Adolphe Menjou, Gary Cooper, Robert Taylor, Ronald Reagan, and the ineffable right-wing eccentric Ayn Rand—all seeking to be patriotic about Beverly Hills. In print, their scholarship of subversion is shallow as a saucer; a shipload of fools. The single interesting one of the group was Sterling Hayden, its only authentic war hero. Later he had bitter second thoughts and in his autobiography, *Wanderer,* told of exploding to his psychoanalyst: "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have turned into a stoolie for J. Edgar Hoover. I don't think you have the foggiest notion of the contempt I have had for myself since I did that thing. . . ."

photo: Jill Krementz

ROBERT COLES

The author of **Children of Crisis,** hailed in a *Time* cover story as "the most influential living psychiatrist in the U.S.", has now collected his best writings about the South and Southerners. "He has gone beyond the headlines of the South's crisis," says the *New York Times Book Review,* "to discover the people themselves."

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THE MASSACRE

Two crows flap to a winter wood.
Soldiers with lances and swords
Search the blood of innocents.
A burgomeister washes manicured
Hands before assembled citizens.
The snow on the gable is linen crisp.
That on the ground laced with blood.
Two crows flap to a winter wood.

John Montague

The hearings, which involved considerable deafness, did have moments of genuine humor. As when Will Geer urbanely referred to the witness chair as "the hot seat." And Lionel Stander, who later achieved fame by outshouting Joe McCarthy, bewildered the politicos with his attacks on Nazism and HUAC itself. And Zero Mostel, throwing his pearls of wit to the swine.

Mr. Bentley's book does not merely recapture a shabby period in American life. Its thrust extends into the 1960s, when the New Left took over from the moribund old Left and buried the committee in a tidal wave of candor and defiance, boldly seizing the stage. After this was done, first by Dagmar Wilson of Women Strike for Peace, later by Jerry Rubin and assorted Maoists, the committee retreated into the woodwork. "It was the fall of HUAC's Bastille," Bentley records. "How disconcerting . . . if the witness spoiled everything by answering the questions and reversing the roles; playing cop to their robber, hero to their villain!" As Frank Donner, HUAC's most discerning critic, summed it up, "Once the keystone of the Fifth Amendment was removed, the entire structure of investigative exposure came tumbling down. . . ."

Two chapters off the theatrical beam are fascinating in altogether different ways. The first is devoted to the Eislers, Gerhart and Hanns, and their sister. Gerhart, reputed to be a roving troubleshooter for the Kremlin and the Comintern, gives the committee short shrift; they respond with an official contempt citation and he is led away to be held for deportation. His sister Ruth, a defector from the German C.P., passionately denounces him as a "terrorist." Blood isn't necessarily thicker than water. Hanns defends himself ably if somewhat arrogantly as the composer of distinction he certainly was.

Another section, dealing with the legal aspects of anti-communism, features the interrogations of Arthur Garfield Hays and James Burnham. Hays makes a muscular case for the ACLU liberal position. Burnham, permitted to be as prolix as the emotional anti-comrade Ayn Rand, goes on and on in polysyllables, but his position amounts to reaction posing as radicalism—the Sidney Hook syndrome, which Stalin (who had *some* sense) once labeled "the radish, red on the outside, white on the inside."

Apart from brilliant and honest editing, Bentley makes his personal position—certainly anti-HUAC—manifest in his annotations, footnotes and a lengthy Afterword. All of it is nimble prose, but some of the thinking is murky when it is not contradictory.

For example, he dismisses the lofty attitudinizing of Richard Rovere, who damns the executioners and the executed alike. "All that comes through to me is a certain delight in feeling superior to both sides; a message less about the sides than about the observer. The stance is narcissistic, and it fails to do justice not only to the investigated but also to the investigators." Well and good. But on the same page Bentley comes perilously close to the same snobbery. "The rhetoric of John Howard Lawson merely counterbalances that of the committee. Bullshit equals bullshit."

That is not merely impatient reasoning; it is a failure to assay values. Whatever the mistakes and opportunism of the various Communist parties, and however much they were bewitched by a vicious Stalinism, Communists have generally been moved by moral issues. To equate the position of John Lawson with the cynical behavior of HUAC is nonsense. The plain fact is that the morality of the sleazy bottom-drawer inquisitors and that of their victims were not commensurable. Parnell Thomas, later sent to prison for conspiracy to defraud the government. Doyle, Dies, Velde, Mundt, Rankin, Walter, Jackson and the others. Not a man of stature among them. Only Nixon, who *seemed* taller because he was clawing his way up a ladder. And these dull poltroons, because of institutionalized reaction, were given the authority to destroy Berthold Brecht, Hanns Eisler, Arthur Miller, Lillian Hellman, Dalton Trumbo, Albert Maltz, Ring Lardner, Jr., Pete Seeger, Earl Robinson and Paul Robeson! There is no equation here.

All of which angry qualification is not to say that Eric Bentley has not put together a genuinely important book. He has spaded deep for truth, bringing into the sunlight many documents which existed only for the nourishment of silverfish in attics, material never published or out of print. Some of these, such as Red Pundit Jerome's uninspiring address on the role of the artist in these times, and Red-White-and-Blue Pundit Nixon's "Plea for an Anti-Communist Faith," might better have been left to the insects. On the other hand, the rumbling, ringing statement of Paul Robeson, not permitted to be heard by the committee, has its place in history.

There are valuable appendices, which include a list of Congressional members of the HUAC committees over the years —a voting guide—and an index to help you find what your friends and enemies said, pushed for an answer. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

It was generally anticipated that the Venice Biennale would be bad this year and so it turned out. Its troubles are at two levels: we are at a point of crisis for mammoth exhibitions anyway, and some difficulties are specific to Venice. The general form of the problem is that big international exhibitions are no longer a necessary source of information about the culture. Almost thirty years of unimpeded international communication since the end of World War II, by means of a network of earlier big shows, catalogues, magazines and personal travel, have raised the level of topical information about art to a point that makes the Biennale redundant. It is significant that this year "Documenta," the huge exhibition at Kassel every four years, has for the first time a theme: previously it was sufficient just to show art. The Biennale has proposed themes in the past to its thirty-two or so participating countries, but unsuccessfully, and no recent attempts have been made to unite the show.

The insurmountable fact is that the Biennale is decentralized at the organizational level: each country selects, in isolation, its artists and presents them, as it pleases, in its own pavilion. Between 1948 and 1966 the exhibition's unity was provided by a consensual notion of modernity, which was adequate in a period of scarce information but not now that we are, if anything, satiated. Not only do big exhibitions mean less to the public for art, many of the artists are disenchanted with them: museum shows at home, for instance, are often more gratifying and controllable. In addition, a mixture of skeptical ideology and rising affluence has cut down the lure of the prizes (this year, no prizes were awarded at all, as the organizers acknowledge them to be more trouble than they are worth).

The crisis came for Venice four years ago when students, cued by the events of May in Paris, the month before the Biennale opened, demonstrated against

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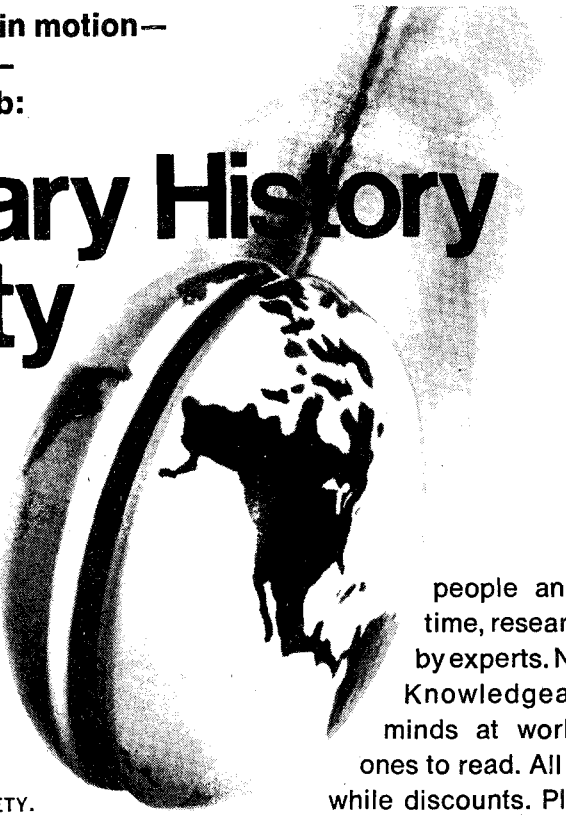

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the exhibition. An estimated 200 to 300 students closed it easily and forced the postponement of the prize giving (when the results were announced later in the summer everybody had forgotten about them). The agency that runs the Biennale for the City of Venice responded by announcing plans for a reorganization, but once the pressure was off the reforms were shelved and the Biennale is still torn apart by the decentralized exhibitions, with no longer even the semblance of a shared internationalism.

A confluence of problems besets Venice. The pavilions, mostly designed between the wars, were intended to contain set forms of art, painting and sculpture. A quarter of a century of Biennales, Documentas, and what have you has used up a great deal of the senior and prestigious artists. Much of the work by younger artists derived from recent international painting and sculpture styles is exhausted and repetitive. This should not be taken to mean "the death of easel painting" or something equally dramatic, but there is a pressure on painting and sculpture as forms from a type of art that does not need unique physical embodiment. Behind all the paintings of Cubism, Surrealism and Abstract Expressionism, an alternative tradition coalesced out of Marcel Duchamp and Dada.

There is now a cluster of Earthworks, Conceptual art, performances and video tape, all in opposition to the capacity of the Biennale as a channel of communication. Jan Dibbets, for example, has a one-man show in the Dutch pavilion, but rows of small photographs in tall exhibition galleries is a mismatch of the art and the space. In the central pavilion there is an exhibition of books, mailings and catalogues to indicate the scope of Conceptual art, but nothing is more boring than to stand and read books in glass cases. Some of the same books had been seen already if, like me, you had gone to Venice after Kassel. Thus one of the pleasures of an exhibition is abated at this point, the scrutiny of originals. You don't have to go to Venice for Conceptual art—just watch the mail. Video tapes by artists were not shown continuously but in scheduled performances. That violates the principle of free access and mobility which is an interested spectator's chief satisfaction in a big show's form.

One can detect the ghost of the reformist impulse in the central pavilion, the big building which always contains scads of Italian art and such nonnational shows as the Venetians might undertake. It is here that Conceptual art and video tape are housed, but their presence is a concession rather than a reform, amounting to no more than the cheap little gallery devoted to "Experimental [*sic*] Graphics" (Saul Bass, Milton Glaser, Henrion, for heaven's sake). One or two of the national pavilions did more than Italy to echo a new development, by presenting environmental works, that is to say, noncompact works that stretch into architectural space. One-half of the Austrian pavilion was used by Hans Hollein in this way: he built a suite of massive, right-angled furniture covered by white tiles, so that the forms are big and undifferentiated, the scale set by the module of the tile. Despite the residual functional presence of the furniture, the uncurved, shiny forms constitute a refutation of human contact, like a tomb. Through a tall, narrow tile-lined opening a wooden gangway leads outdoors to an open tent on a platform perched on the edge of the Rio di Giardino, the little canal that divides the Biennale gardens. The Brazilian pavilion included an environment by Humberto Espindola whose intention is to incorporate the material and subject of his country within his art; he suspended thousands of brightly colored cattle show prize rosettes to screen, but only partly, a back wall of horned cattle skulls (title: "Cattle Culture").

The major Italian service to Italian art this year is a survey of contemporary sculpture housed in the central pavilion. Here are the vegetal and animal clichés of the 1950s done again less spikily and with neater materials as the artists make simple-minded acts of adjustment (Nino Franchina, Leoncillo Leonardi, Edgardo Mannucci). Others, lacking the support of early habit, wander into inconclusive invention (Alberto Viani). Sculptors attempting relevance are no better: Valeriano Trubbiani has put together Picasso's dove and Le Corbusier's image of a hand in a pile of sculptures dealing with birds as victims, and Alik Cavaliere has built a post-constructivist discothèque with stairs, platforms, sculptured figures, real uniforms, tapes; both pieces are idiotic. There is more sculpture, none of it Italian but it doesn't matter, off the gardens and in the city, especially in the courtyard of the Palazzo Ducale where more sculpture is not what's needed. It is another of the compromises, this time a feigned involvement of art with the streets and the people.

Taking it, then, that the Biennale is not trying to assert thematic control and that the recognition of art outside painting and sculpture in set forms is merely opportunistic, it can be approached in the old way, as disjunct one-man shows, and a few of these are interesting. Richard Lohse (Switzerland) showed a group of tough concrete paintings, in which the literalness of the design (sequences of squares) is combined with the illusionist flare and burn of high-keyed color. Henry Heerup's retrospective revealed a congenial grossness, but as he needs to be viewed in a context of North European primitivism (Belgium and Holland, as well as his native Denmark) it can be doubted that he is long for export. The surprise of the 36th Bienniale, to adopt the rhetoric of happier times, is Gerhard Richter.

When you enter the German pavilion the tall central gallery contains, at a little above eye level, a series of monochrome portraits, head and shoulders, all slightly more than life-size, in a cool photographic style. They represent public men of the late 19th and early 20th centuries, posed as for official photographs: H. G. Wells, Valéry, Kafka, Louis Victor de Broglie, Puccini, Verharen, Rilke. The principle of choice eludes me but the impact of the deadpan pantheon (forty-two portraits) is extraordinary.

Side galleries contain earlier work, 1968 to 1971, that provides a clue to Richter's interests. There are sketchy black-and-white pictures which turn out to represent Alpine subjects; but, it could be stated the other way round, namely that the Alpine subjects keep dissolving into their constituent paint marks. There is a series of city paintings, a bird's eye view of intricate streets and buildings, mostly painted roughly so that the conspicuous paint delays recognition of Richter's consistent and detailed transcription of visual fact. All these paintings are monochrome, but there is a group of cloud studies in which pinks, blues and greens abound but are squeezed by Richter into a *false* monochrome effect. His interests seem to have to do with the relation of the painting process to image formation, and the dissolving of polarities (detail and free paint, image and pigment, color and monochrome) into a radically whole image. The relation of painting and photography is another pair, and in the portraits he has achieved a disturbing coalition of personal choice and impersonal image, though the limits of neither area are quite clear.

I must not forget the American pavilion. There are a woman and five men; or a black and five whites; or two Abstract painters and two figurative ones; and of the painters one is West Coast, one is Chicago-based, one is Washington-based, and two live in New York. Or, there is one photographic realist and one post-Pop scatologist; there

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is one shaped canvas Abstract painter and one who hangs the canvas in loose drapes. Walter Hopps, the commissioner, is to be congratulated on the bureaucratic permutations that he came up with. □

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Every summer I like to spend a few days in Stratford, Ontario, checking up on how the leading classical theatre on the North American continent is doing in its fight against creeping decay. The Stratford Festival still has its great, symmetrical thrust stage; the acting company, as always, is large, cohesive and proficient. But the festival is now in its twentieth season; its initial impulse has long since been dissipated. Its large and loyal audience is undemanding. Under these circumstances it would be easy for the festival to settle into a lavishly costumed, well-spoken blandness, to decline from a living theatre into a tourist attraction. Indeed, the process has already long since begun.

On the other hand, it is very hard to become an Establishment these days without being made painfully, even guiltily, self-conscious about it. The management of the festival is aware of the danger of complacency and genteel stodginess, and, in many of its decisions and undertakings, seems quite deliberately trying to fight this danger. (To mount, for instance, the first full-scale English-speaking production in North America of Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio* is scarcely an act of caution.) At this point, the outcome of the struggle is still very much in doubt; the future of a great theatre is at stake.

Of the four productions at the Festival Theatre this season, two are of plays by Shakespeare, and both exemplify very clearly the danger at hand. William Hutt, who is now billed as associate director of the festival, is the director of *As You Like It* and the leading actor of *King Lear*. Mr. Hutt has been a mainstay of the company for many years. He is a wonderfully comic actor; he has given brilliant performances as Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*, as Tartuffe, as Khlestakov in Gogol's *The Government Inspector*. But as a director, and as a leading tragedian, he has shortcomings.

Mr. Hutt's production of *Much Ado About Nothing* last season seemed almost to suggest that for a man to fall in love with a woman was a rather overrated amusement—which is surely not the moral of the play as Shakespeare wrote it. Mr. Hutt's *As You Like It* is better, but still fails to get very much electricity going between the principal lovers. Carole Shelley is a sparrowy, edgy Rosalind, much given to sudden small gestures. Hers is a very mannered, very busy performance; she substitutes *doing* for feeling; she hardly ever lets up. But she delivers the epilogue simply and beautifully, suggesting that there might be a Rosalind in her after all, if only she would relax and let it come out. Nicholas Pennell, a graduate of *The Forsythe Saga* imported from England, is a not-bad Orlando, a little self-consciously rough-hewn. The production in general, though inventive and not unskillful, is deficient in warmth, lyricism, ease and charm. This is a busy, bitty *As You Like It*; the details of the staging tend more to decorate the lines than to fulfill them, as if Hutt were not really very enamored of the play.

David William's staging of *King Lear* is full of original business, ingeniously conceived and capably executed. The play begins, for instance, with the stage deserted except for the Fool, who is sitting meditatively on the throne. As Gloucester speaks of his legitimate son, he casually pushes the bastard Edmund out of the way. Lear's hundred knights are a rough bunch, pounding the floor as they echo their master's cry of "Dinner, ho, dinner!" The blinding of Gloucester is nauseatingly graphic, all of its horrors lovingly elaborated, until it becomes the point of greatest intensity in the play (which it surely should not be). And yet, amid all the gouging and screaming in this scene, an important moment of human poignance (as opposed to physical horror), Gloucester's realization that Edmund has betrayed him, goes for almost nothing.

Edward Atienza is an interesting Fool: an old, bald, sagging, effeminate, doleful, cowering, self-righteous child. Hutt as Lear does some lovely things in his melting mood near the end; elsewhere, he makes some interesting shapes and sounds, but neglects to fill them with feeling. He does a lot of shouting, and so does his supporting cast. It is very competent, professional shouting, but it is all quite conventional and somewhat hollow: the work of good actors gone lazy and soft. I find it very disconcerting that the festival proposes to send this production on a European tour.

The season's novelty—but it is more than a novelty—is *Lorenzaccio*, which de Musset wrote in 1834: a sprawling effusion of neo-Shakespearean Romanticism, set in 16th-century Flor-

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ence. It deals with a strange, ardent, haunted young man, afflicted with some of Musset's own moods and vapors, who becomes the closest friend of the tyrannical Duke Alessandro in order to assassinate him. As the abettor of the lecheries and treacheries of the vicious Duke, young Lorenzo becomes an object of hatred and scorn, dismissively nicknamed "Lorenzaccio"; but all the time, the love of liberty is raging inside him. The play is one of those classics of the classroom that ought to be produced, so that we can find out whether they are classics on the stage as well. Right now, moreover, the subject matter of *Lorenzaccio* gives it a special urgency: it deals with the ethics and the efficacy of assassination and revolution, posing "One good cut can cure all the ills we suffer from" against "And when we have overthrown the world as it is now, what will you put in its place?"

Like so many Romantic dramas, from *Faust* to *Brand*, *Lorenzaccio* was not written for the stage. It was first produced by Sarah Bernhardt in 1896, with Sarah herself as Lorenzaccio (Alphonse Mucha's poster for this production has been widely reproduced), and since then it has been traditional in France for the part to be played by a woman, although Gérard Philipe played it in a famous production in 1952. Lorenzaccio is supposed to be young, frail, effeminate, and somewhat unearthly, so casting a woman in the role makes a certain amount of sense. At Stratford, Lorenzaccio is once again played by a woman: by Pat Galloway, who was a noble and touching Duchess of Malfi at Stratford last season. She justifies the choice.

Jean Gascon's staging is competent though austere; I would have liked more Florentine local color (there is plenty in the script). Musset has suggested that something sexually strange is going on between Lorenzaccio and the Duke; they call each other "sweetheart," and the assassination takes place in Lorenzaccio's own bedchamber, to which the Duke has come for an assignation with Lorenzaccio's own cousin. M. Gascon has taken up Musset's suggestion, and staged a murder that looks like a rape. Kenneth Welsh as the Duke is a breezy, greasy, lecherous tyrant; one might almost expect him to sing *La donna e mobile*, except that his strain is rougher and less lyrical. But M. Gascon has not really solved the basic problems of the play, which tends to dissipate itself in melodrama and rhetoric. Musset keeps three stories going at once, and the other two are not nearly as interesting as that of Lorenzaccio and the tyrant who is his friend and victim (and, incidentally, his cousin). *Lorenzaccio* is a disappointment; but I am glad to have seen it, and I hope other companies will be foolhardy enough to mount other productions of it. Meanwhile, there is something haunting, even in memory, about the pale, slouching, sardonic, ambiguous presence of Pat Galloway's Lorenzaccio.

The great success of the Stratford season is the fourth and final Festival Theatre production: Oliver Goldsmith's jolly old country-comedy classic, *She Stoops to Conquer*, directed with affection and zest by Michael Bawtree. The contrast between *She Stoops* and *As You Like It* is an instructive one: the staging of *She Stoops* seems to grow out of the play, instead of being imposed upon it, and the result is both funnier and more genuinely good-natured. The star and center of this revival is Tony van Bridge, who plays old Mr. Hardcastle with wonderful charm and skill. Though Mr. van Bridge works as hard as the next man —walking stubbily about the stage, rising on his toes and bouncing his substantial bulk—what he does seems almost effortless, because all his comedy comes naturally from the character's response to his situation, and because he knows the value of an occasional understatement. None of the others in the cast are as good as Mr. van Bridge, but they all, at least, deserve to be in the same play with him—which is saying a good deal.

Aside from the Festival Theatre itself, the festival has two other stages to work on. At the Avon Theatre in downtown Stratford, it is sponsoring the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde of Montreal in an English translation of *La Guerre, Yes Sir!* by Roch Carrier. The play is a genuine piece of French-Canadian writing, dealing with the impact of World War II on a small village in Quebec; the TNM has presented it, in French, in Canada and on tour in Europe, and the actors know exactly what to do with it. They play it in English very much as they must have played it in French: very broadly—no actors trained in the English-speaking theatre would dare to play it so broadly—and very well, with a gusto that never seems less than full and real. But the play itself is a very minor work, a mélange of cheap jokes, cheap sentiment and moderately interesting local color.

The festival also maintains a small theatre, called the Third Stage, devoted mostly to experimental work. When I was in Stratford the Third Stage was occupied by a version of *Pinocchio* imported from the Manitoba Theatre Center in Winnipeg, but this season's program also includes a new Canadian play and two unconventional Canadian operas.

The heart and center of the festival, however, is still the great thrust stage of the Festival Theatre itself. Of the four productions mounted there this season, two seem to me symptomatic of creeping debilitation, and two seem, on the whole, to be signs of health. The festival could easily go either way. It's discouraging—we used to think that the millennium would arrive when we had a classical theatre with fine actors, excellent facilities, an ample budget, and a loyal audience. Now we are learning that in the theatre at least there is no millennium, no plateau, no point of safety; success can be almost as dangerous as failure. □

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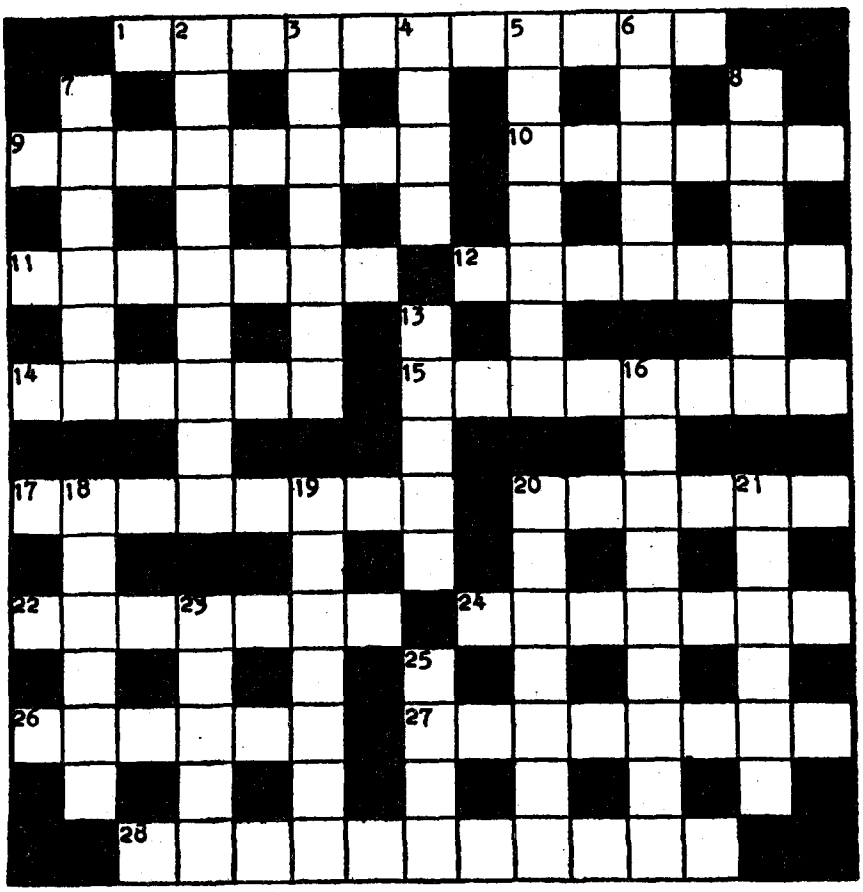

ACROSS

1 A cover for the head Scotttish character of verse. (3-1-7)
9 Valid testament of benign disposition might go along with the business. (4,4)
10 Look, birds as a minimum should be four times better than none! (6)
11 Of the people, just like certain characters. (7)
12 One might 6 something to make one, though it might be the work of a chiseler around tea, by the sound of it. (7)
14 Quits running and possibly places, when it refers to horses. (6)
15 Wrapping something up might make an old Indian confess something. (8)
17 Rub the wrong way? One alternative to stand appears painful. (8)
20 Indulge to the full by wrapping such as newsprint around a large number. (6)
22 See 4 down.
24 Doesn't come first around a king's multiple dwellings? (7)
26 What one might do with and in a wide picture. (6)
27 R and S with a sort of 26 tells what might happen. (8)
28 See 13 down.

DOWN

2 Did he co-star with Leo? (9)
3 Signori making false starts? (7)
4 and 22 across Would it take two such types to assemble a real beater, since so unenthusiastic? (4-7)
5 Nothing auricular about a famous river! (7)
6 Take part of it, and get a cent in change. (5)
7 The Devil with the Duke of Normandy! (6)
8 Topic introduced by the birds and the bees? A church official might be not up to it! (6)
13 and 28 across They're not very serious, but imply the poet 7 down is top-notch. (5-6,5)
16 Made by either a lawyer or a bookkeeper? (9)
18 Odd, that it isn't smooth! (6)
19 Where they might take their play seriously. (7)
20 What one might eat off, or in France what might be highly elevated. (7)
21 A little way up to the end of 18, but these things happen! (6)
23 Bring things up so as to confuse "is" with "are"? (5)
25 It shows the point of proper fencing. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1453

ACROSS: 1 Search warrant; 10 Wassail; 11 Caporal; 12 Toehold; 14 Honesty; 15 Skysail; 16 Negated; 20 Maestro; 23 Insects; 24 Rosters; 25 Enables; 26 Molotov; 27 Condescending. DOWN: 2 Eastern; 3 Reasons; 4 Holidays; 5 Ascites; 6 Rapidly; 7 Nirvana; 8 Switch engines; 9 Allhallow's Eve; 17 Gestapo; 18 and 13 Tickled to death; 19 Desists; 20 Merimee; 21 Ensiled; 22 Trenton.

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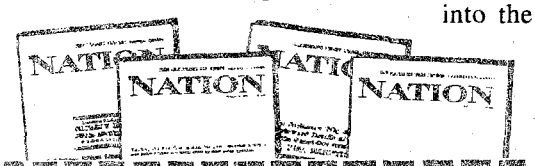

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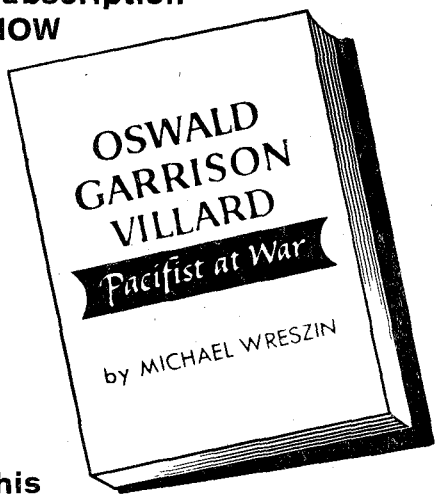

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